McKean County Miner.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE GIVES DETAILS

An Able Document of Good Sound Common Sense.

NO LETUP ON THE BAD TRUSTS.

The President Asks That New Legislation to Regulate Corporations be Checked for a Time, Present Laws Being Deemed Sufficient For Purpose—Progressive Policy.

The press dispatches of Tuesday contain the following from the pen of John Temple Graves: The President has addressed to Congress and to the American people a letter of some 38,000 words.

It is perhaps the longest message ever sent by the President to Congress, its only competitor in the matter of length being the famous message of Grover Cleveland. But these 38,000 are neither superfluous nor unwise. On the contrary, few more important and comprehensive state papers have ever been presented to the American people.

This is a great government. Its affairs are ever enlarging, its departments ever increasing scope and its relations, foreign and domestic, are of an ever widening variety.

President Taft is a careful, painstaking man, judicial in temperament and exhaustive in analysis. He has given, as few Presidents have ever done, the most careful and detailed consideration and study to the work of every department of the government and of all its foreign and international relation. The message of to-day is a comprehensive history of what has been done by this government during the past year and of the things which in the judgment of, its chief executive officer are necessary to be done for its welfare and progress during the year which is to come.

The President's message is an encyclopedia of governmental information which if not read in any single sitting, should be filed for reference and information by students of government and business men and politicians for the 12 months.

In a single sentence the message of President Taft is an able, faithful and painstaking accounting to the people of his stewardship as a chief executive.

The most important and far reaching suggestion of practical importance in the entire message is to be found in one of its final paragraphs, in which the President declares that there should be no further legislation with reference to the regulation of corporations until we have waited a while, to test the vigorous execution of the laws on the statute books restraining the abuses which certainly did exist and which aroused the public to demand reform.

This means primarily, that under Presidential suggestion there is to be no further effort for legislation regulating corporations by the present Congress. It means, if it means anything, that the President intends with all his vigor to execute the laws already passed relating to great business institutions. It means, more directly, that the President is profoundly impressed with the importance of the new cases now pending before the Supreme Court touching the Standard Oil, the Tobacco trust and the Sugar trust.

The Supreme Court is to have a final hearing and to make a final decision of these great cases during the month of January. If the contention of the attorney general is sustained in these great cases there exists in the President's mind, the probability of a great business disturbance, which as a prudent statesman he is anxious to avoid. The Standard Oil company through the mightiest personality in its management, has decided that if the Standard Oil is judged to be operating contrary to law there are one hundred specified corporations which are also existing contrary to law and which the Standard Oil will insist upon bringing to the same accountability which the courts mete to its work. Under these conditions there will be the necessity for immediate and drastic legislation prescribing how the Standard Oil may operate within legal limits. The same conditions will doubtless arise in case the government is sustained against the Tobacco trust and the Sugar trust.

The President's attitude is sufficiently progressive and direct upon many points which the American has advocated during the past few years. Mr. Taft speaks clearly and with unquestioned emphasis upon the postal savings bank and heartily recommends the parcels post on rural delivery routes with 11 pounds, the international limit, to be made the limit of the carriage.

The President makes specific and positive language the sweeping proposal for the extension of the commission plan in all business legislation, including the tariff, rivers and harbors, public buildings, waterways, monetary affairs and the problems of currency reforms.

He is in thorough line with advocacies of the Hearst newspapers in their demand for a downward revision of the tariff bill productive of uncertainty and unsettlement in business but a downward revision schedule by schedule, as expert study shall demonstrate it to be necessary.

He demands the enlargement of the tariff board to a tariff commission of experts which shall lift the tariff question above the selfish wrangles of localities into the catholic scope of the general national interest.

He renews in strenuous fashion the propriety of enacting a national incorporation law, embodied in his previous message.

He stands in vigorous Americanism for the proper fortification of the Panama canal.

He rings clear and true in his vigorous and emphatic demand for an indispensable merchant marine, either by mail subsidy of other subvention, adequate to guarantee the restoration of the American flag to its ancient commercial place upon the seas.

He speaks clearly in advocacy of the eight-hour law for labor, for a proper system of compensation for industrial accidents to laborers for the employers' liability act, and for reasonable compensations to working men. He formally recognizes the claim of Peary to the discovery of the North Pole and asks Congressional recognition of the achievement.

And he gives the splendid emphasis of primacy in treatment to the great majestic question of universal disarmaments and universal peace.

The Presidential statement was well received. The Republicans including the insurgent wing, speak highly of its tone and completeness. The Democrats, cool and alert as triumphant partisans always are in the face of opportunity and responsibility, have nothing to offer in immediate condemnation.

The county at large, including the sensitive business element will find little or nothing in this public document to excite apprehension or alarm. The word is spoken. What is writ is worthily rent. What remains in action—fearless, aggressive and unflinching execution of expressed convictions, and purposes well defined.

Once more we say the President has nothing to lose and everything to gain by dauntless and aggressive leadership of his admirable program.

CECIL HACKETT DEAD.

He Passed Away About Nine O'clock This Morning

Cecil Hackett, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hackett, died at the home of his parents on East street, this borough, at about nine o'clock this morning, Dec. 8, 1910, after a lingering illness of over a year's duration. The young man has been in poor health for two or three years but was not confined to the home until a short time ago, when his ailment developed into brain trouble.

The deceased is about 34 years of age and was born in Keating township about two miles from town. He was a bright energetic young man and has been associated with his father in several lines of business during the past ten or twelve years, until his health failed him.

He is survived by his parents and one brother, Claude, who will deeply mourn the untimely demise of a kind and loving son and brother.

At this writing no arrangements have been made for the funeral.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

$900 to $1200 Positions.

We need more young men to qualify for good paying positions. Wesbrook Academy, Olean. Dec.8-2t

MISSISSIPPI GLASS WORKS.

The Editor-Men Permitted to Inspect That Industry in Port Allegany.

As a rule the managers of the Mississippi Glass Company, located at Port Allegany do not allow visitors to inspect their enormous factory either when it is idle or in operation, but on Monday last, through the efforts of C. S. King, this rule was suspended and the members of the McKean County Publishers' Association permitted to inspect the plant when it was in full operation.

When we were ushered into the office of this company we were introduced to Superintendent Louis La Marie, who in turn introduced us to Assistant Superintendent Samuel Crissie. Mr. Crissie then took us in hand and conducted us through this mammoth factory.

In many respects this factory resembles the ordinary window glass factory. The tank in which the glass is melted is the same, but instead of blowing the glass is put on a large table, most of which are on wheels and rolled out. The lehr or tempering ovens are on the same principle only on a much larger scale and the cutting is done in a similar way. However the plant is constructed on a much more permanent plan and is equipped with many expensive modern appliances. For instance one thermometer takes the temperature of the lehr in six different places, and the fire alarm and fire protection system is of the very best. The machine shop, in which their secret appliances are made and other machinery is repaired is a fair sized industry in itself.

The average output of this factory is 80,000 pounds of glass per day, but on Wednesday of last week they broke all previous records by making 94,000 pounds of the finished product. The product consists of wire-woven glass which is made into skylights, barrels, boxes, and many other designs, and the many styles of glass used in offices and other places where light is to be admitted and the view obstructed.

While on our tour of inspection we were shown through the "Death Chamber" and a more ghastly place we never have seen. Through some peculiar combination of the light and other surroundings your companions look like dead persons. Every visible particle of flesh takes that gray palor of a person who has been dead about 48 hours while their clothing and other things appear perfectly natural. We asked Mr. Crissie for an explanation of this phenomenon but he was unable to give it.

Mr. La Maire and Mr. Crissie are two very courteous gentlemen and the writer feels deeply indebted to them for favors shown us.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Smethport Fire Department Hold Meeting and Elect Officers.

Last Friday night the Smethport Fire Department held their regular annual meeting and was largely attended. One of the principal features of the evening was the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The following efficient officers were elected:

Chief—E. A. Hamilton.
Assistant Chief—Dr. J. V. McAlpin.
Foreman Hose Co. 1—C. B. Corwin.
Asst. Foreman Hose 1—Leo Digel.
Foreman Hose 2—John Stark.
Asst. Foreman Hose 2—Fred Burlingame.
Foreman Engine Co.—E. W. Strong.
Asst. Foreman Engine Co.—George Ritchie.
Foreman Hook & Ladder Co.—S. W. Hubbard.
Asst. Foreman Hook & Ladder Co.—James Quirk.
President—Guy H. McCoy.
Vice President—Samuel E. Bell.
Secretary—Ray Day.
Treasurer—M. L. Armstrong.

The hose tower poposition was laid on the table until the next meeting, or at the call of the president. After several other small matters had been disposed of the meeting adjourned.

Is a "Better-Half" a Majority?

"Debates are argumentative and perhaps that's why the champion debating team at Smethport, Pa., is composed of a majority of young women."—John D. Wells in Grave to Gay, Buffalo News.

Miss Alberta Cory and Denber Simkins comprise the champion debating team of Smethport and while Miss Cory may, at some future time, be the "better-half" of some good man, we do not see how she is, at present, a majority of our debating team.

MARY RYAN WALKED 18 MILES FOR REVOLVER

She Got It To Shoot Man Who Jilted Her.

AND THE GIRL SHOT HIM.

The Narrowness of the Margin Whereby He Escaped Death Was Sensational — Bradford Young Woman Sent a Bullet Under the Scalp of the Man She Dearly Loved.

A woman scorned and crossed in love, usually becomes peevish. Sometimes she resorts to extreme measures to avenge herself upon those who have cause her to feel peeved. So was it yesterday with a young woman whose name, on Alderman Filkin's docket is set down as Mary E. Ryan. But there are some people who call her Ida. However, there's nothing in a name, so far as this unvarnished tale is concerned.

Miss Ryan is acquainted, it appears, with an East Bradfordian named M. E. Clark. He is employed in the big acid plant in South Bradford and yesterday evening at about 5 o'clock the young woman went to the place where Clark was at work and secured an interview with him. She accused him of being false with her in love matters and very dramatically informed him that she was about to even up affairs with a gun which she had in her possession. The woman's actions and words caused Clark to take notice. He saw the weapon in her hands and turning hurriedly started to do a timely bit of sprinting. But the gun, a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson, was promptly placed on a level with Clark's head and as he started to make his escape the trigger was pulled. The bullet struck the young man on the back of his head but it did not crash through the skull.

The trend of the missle was upward and it caused a scalp wound a couple of inches long, more or less. It was a mighty close call and Clark did not like it. He went into the office of the acid works and 'phoned for the police.

Meanwhile, Miss Ryan started toward the city. On her way she secreted the gun under a platform by the roadside, in the vicinity. Constable John Howe was notified and he at once set out to intercept the shooter and met her on the highway as she pursued her homeward journey. Miss Ryan accompanied the constable to police headquarters.

Clark, the intended victim, arrived in the city soon after his Nemesis had been taken to the city building and before Alderman Filkins he made information on which a warrant was issued. The woman is charged with assault with intent to kill. Her mother gave bail for the defendant's appearance at a hearing Monday at 2 p. m., the sum of $1,000 being required.

The revolver used by Miss Ryan belongs to a man living in Lafayette township. "I walked 18 miles to get that gun," she said to the police. "I took it without letting the owner know I had it. He is a relative of mine."

"Did you intend to kill Clark?" she was asked. "Certainly," was the answer. "He has tried to make a fool of me and I won't stand for it. He is going around with other girls and has tried to shake me. I'm sorry he didn't get all that was coming to him."

The gun secreted by Miss Ryan at South Bradford was found by Constable Howe last evening.—Saturday's Bradford Era.

Miss Ryan was given a hearing before Alderman Filkins on Saturday morning, at Bradford, on a charge of assault with intent to kill and was held for court in the sum of $2000 for her appearance at court. At the conclusion of this hearing she was arrested for surety of the peace and on this charge her bond was place at $2000. The bond in both cases was furnished by Mr. Anderson of Lafayette township, an uncle of the young woman.

Good Work.

The Clarion State Normal School has had a remarkably steady growth during the past five years. The character of the work done has been highly recommended by superintendents and patrons. Special courses will be provided for young men and women who wish to enter the winter term, January 3. A postal card to the Principal, Clarion, Pa., will bring full information. Dec.8-1t

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.

Parents and Two Other Children Injured—Fire Destroyed Reynoldsville Home.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Dec. 6.—Two met their death and four were seriously burned in a fire that Sunday morning destroyed the home of Caesar Ferris on East Main street, Reynoldsville.

The dead are: Robert Ferris, aged 11 years and Ralph Ferris, aged 5 years.

The injured: Caesar Ferris, leg badly cut, burned about neck and head, will live; Mrs. Caesar Ferris, burned about back, neck and face, bruised by jumping from burning building, condition serious; fourteen months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, burned about body; Maude Ferris, feet burned.

The fire was first discovered shortly after 4 o'clock and twenty minutes later the Ferris home was a total ruin. Robert, the oldest boy, was awakened by the crackling of the flames. He jumped out of bed, to find the room in which he and his brother were sleeping a fiery mass. He hurried to the room occupied by his father and mother and quickly aroused them. Hastily awakening their 11-year-old daughter, Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris rushed for the stairway, with the children following, Mrs. Ferris carrying her baby. The stairway was a mass of flames and all hope of escape from that source was cut off. They returned to the front room, to which the flames had by this time communicated themselves and Mr. Ferris made a dash for a window. It refused to open and he kicked at the frame. His leg went through and he tumbled to the ground, twenty feet below. Mrs. Ferris desperately tugged at the window and finally succeeded in raising it. With her children huddled about her and the heat almost roasting their backs, she lifted Maude, her 11-year-old girl, to the window, and pushed her out. The girl was stunned by her fall, and, fearing that she might seriously injure her other children by dropping them from the window, Mrs. Ferris made the leap herself with her 14-months-old child in her arms, believing that she could catch her boys from below when they jumped.

The moment their mother jumped the boys seemingly lost all reason. From below the frantic mother implored them to jump, but they only gazed bewilderingly out of the window for a few seconds, then turned and, hand-in-hand, made their way to the burning stairway. When the firemen searched the ruins of the home at 6:30 o'clock a. m., the charred bodies of the two boys were found lying at the foot of what had been the stair entrance, with their hands still tightly clasped. They had evidently succeeded in making their way down the burning stairs but were overcome by the heat and smoke and succumbed to a horrible death.

THE PUBLISHERS MEET.

McKean County Publishers Hold Meeting at Port Allegany on Monday.

The McKean County Publishers' Association held their last meeting of the year at the Sartwell House, in Port Allegany, on Monday last. The members present were: President S. R. Lindsley of the McKean Democrat of Smethport; Secretary Gustine A. Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald; H. J. Bryan of the Bradford Era, O. H. Miller of the Bradford Star-Record, B. C. McFall of the Eldred Eagle, Charles O. Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter, C. F. Boller of the Port Allegany Argus and Harry L. Backus of the McKean County Miner, Smethport. The visiting publishers were the guests of Editors Laymon and Boller, who had an excellent dinner served for their guests at the Sartwell House, which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and did credit to the entertaining editors and to host, C. S. King.

The business session was called to order by President Lindsley at 2 o'clock and several important matters pertaining to advertising of different kinds was discussed by those present. Editor Lindsley of the McKean Democrat was re-elected president of the association and Gustine Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald was re-elected secretary.

Horses, Carriages and Harness for Sale.

6 good horses, 10 to 11 hundred pounds; carriages, buggies, double and single driving harness, for sale at prices that are right.

A. T. FALLER,
At Faller's Livery.

NO WEDDING BELLS YET.

Bertha Pinkerton Refuses to Become the Bride of a Man in the Case.

By a legal process Bertha Pinkerton, whose case has attracted much attention of late, was taken into custody yesterday at Bethesda Home to which institution she had been paroled by Judge Bouton. On instruction from the district attorney Mrs. Fenton, of the Home, refused to give up custody of the girl, so a warrant was issued charging Bertha with incorrigibility. The paper was served and the youthful prisoner was taken to the office of Alderman Filkins. There an application for a marriage license was submitted to Bertha for her signature. Bertha's mother was present and urged the girl to sign the application. Bertha refused to do this.

The man who was willing to become the girl's husband, was Smith, the old chap who is charged with a serious offense against the lass and whose trial on that charge is to take place at the next term of criminal court. Bertha evidently did not think well of the opportunity presented to her of becoming a bride and today at 2 p. m., will appear at Alderman Filkins' court to answer to the charge in the warrant.

Had the girl consented to marry the defendant, Smith, the case against him would probably have had less serious possibilities in prospect.—Today's Bradford Era.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH FAIR.

St. Christopher's Guild Hold a Successful Fair Yesterday.

The annual fair and supper of St. Christopher's Guild of St. Luke's church was held at the parish house yesterday afternoon and evening and was its usual decided success. The receipts were $207.19.

The fair opened at five o'clock in the afternoon and the booth containing fancy work and many other useful and ornamental things and the candy booth drew large crowds of interested buyers and spectators. The displays were unusually fine and a large amount of goods were sold.

The supper which consisted of roast pork and apple sauce and several trimmings was largely attended and all who partook of it were more than ordinarily pleased with the repast.

The women of the organization deserve a great deal of credit for their tireless efforts in making this event the great success it proved to be.

WARREN ASYLUM SCANDAL.

The Two Nurses Are Now Being Tried for Aggravated Assault and Battery.

Miss Margaret McFarland and Miss Emma Long, the two nurses in the Warren Insane Asylum, charged jointly with assault and battery and aggravated assault and battery on Miss Dorothy Rice, the 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Rice, are being tried in Warren this week, and a verdict is expected to-day.

The testimony of the Commonwealth was to the effect that the defendants had shackled Miss Rice to a bed and covered her face with towels saturated with soap lather, forcing their victim to breathe the soap suds until she was in a shocking condition and that her bare knees had been rubbed with a rough cloth until they were raw.

The defendants make a general denial of the charges made against them.

Dare Devil Dan.

As a producing manager, W. F. Mann now runs among the largest in America. This season he will present to the theatrical going public of the United States and Canada, eighteen successfully tried attractions. At the Lyceum on Saturday, Dec. 10, he will offer its patrons, his newest and most successful, "Dare Devil Dan," a play built to suit the masses, in four acts.

Among the song hits introduced are "Peculiar Conditions in America," "Song of the Cigar Sign," "Spoons," and "That is What Love Means to Me," and numerous others written by Peters and DeLong, those two successful song writers. The dramatic work is credited to Wm. Fletcher, as a writer of many successes. "Dare Devil Dan" comes to you with a successful stamp of approval from Chicago critics.

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

CARRIE CLARK.

REFORMATION OF CALLIOPE.

Love Conquers When the Powe: of the Law Is Impotent.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Company.]

Calliope Catesby was in his humors again. Ennui was upon him. This goodly promontory, the earth—particularly that portion of it known as Quicksand—was to him no more than a pestilent congregation of vapors.

Overnight Calliope had hung out signals of approaching low spirits. He had kicked his own dog on the porch of the Occidental hotel and refused to apologize. He had become capricious and fault finding in conversation. While strolling about he reached often for twigs of mesquite and chewed the leaves fiercely. That was always an ominous act.

At this stage Calliope generally began to drink. Finally, about midnight, he was seen going homeward, saluting those whom he met with exaggerated

THAT FEARFUL, BRASSY YELL.

but inoffensive courtesy. Not yet was Calliope's melancholy at the danger point.

A quiet, amiable man was Calliope Catesby at other times—quiet to indolence and amiable to worthlessness.

At 9 the next morning Calliope was fit. Inspired by his own barbarous melodies and the torments of his jag he was ready primed to gather fresh laurels from the reluctant brow of Quicksand. Encircled and close-cropped with cartridge belts, abundantly garnished with revolvers and copiously damascened with great north and south streets, the characteristic surprise and terror to a town by shooting it full of lead at the nearest corner and whooping his way in that foreign brassy yell so familiar to the ears of the piano that had gained for him the classic appellation that had superseded his own baptismal name. Following close upon his vociferation came three shots from his 45 by way of limbering up the guns and testing his aim.

Down the street went Calliope, shooting right and left. Glass fell like hail; dogs vamoosed; chickens flew squawking; feminine voices shrieked concernedly to youngsters at large.

But some four squares farther down lively preparations were being made to minister to Mr. Catesby's love for interchange of compliments and repartee. On the previous night numerous messengers had hastened to advise Buck Patterson, the city marshal, of Calliope's impending eruption. The patience of that official, often strained in extending leniency toward the turbulent outbreaks had been overtaxed.

Buck Patterson had been expecting and awaiting a fit little to his entrance office that preliminary yell announcing that Calliope was feeling blue. When the signal came the city marshal rose to his feet and buckled on his guns. Two deputy sheriffs and three citizens who had proved the edible qualities of fire also stood up ready to handy with Calliope's leaden jocularities.

"Gather that fellow in," said Buck Patterson, setting forth the lines of the campaign. "Don't have no talk, but shoot as soon as you can get a show. Keep behind cover and bring him down."

The splendid Calliope, unconscious of retributive plots, was steaming down the channel, cannonading on either side, when he suddenly became aware of breakers ahead. The city marshal and one of the deputies rose up behind some dry goods boxes half a square to the front and opened fire. At the same time the rest of the posse divided, shelled him from two side streets.

The first volley broke the neck of one of Calliope's guns, cut a neat nude orbit in his right ear, and exploded a cartridge in his crossbelt, scorching his ribs as it burst. Feeling forced up by this unexpected tonic to his spiritual depression, Calliope executed a terrific *fusillade* from his other revolver and returned the fire like an echo.

And now Calliope met the valor of his foes with tactics in kind. Choosing with a rapid eye the street from which the weakest and least accurate fire had come, he invaded it at a double quick, abandoning the unprotected middle of the street. With rare cunning the opposing force in that direction, one of the deputies and two of the valorous volunteers, waited, concealed by beer barrels, until Calliope had passed their retreat and then peppered him from the rear. In another moment they were re-enforced by the marshal and his other men, and then Calliope felt that in order to successfully prolong the delights of the controversy he must find some means of reducing the great odds against him.

Not far away was the little railroad station, its building a strong box house 10 by 20 feet resting upon a platform four feet above ground. Windows were in each of its walls.

Calliope made a bold and rapid spurt for it, the marshal's crowd "smoking" him as he ran. He reached the haven in safety, the station agent leaving the building by a window.

Patterson and his supporters halted under protection of a pile of lumber and held consultations. In the station was an unterrified desperado who was an excellent shot and carried an abundance of ammunition. For thirty yards on each side of the besieged was a stretch of bare open ground.

Standing near was a hand truck used in the manipulation of small freight. It stood by a shed full of sacked wool, a consignment from one of the sheep ranches. On this truck the marshal and his men piled three heavy sacks of wool. Stooping low, Buck Patterson started for Calliope's fort, slowly pushing this loaded truck before him for protection. The posse, scattering broadly, stood ready to nip the besieged in case he should sally himself in an effort to repel the juggernaut of justice that was creeping upon him. Only once did Calliope make demonstration. He fired from a window, and some tufts of wool spurted from the marshal's trustworthy bull wark.

The marshal was too deeply engrossed in steering his protected battleship to be aware of the approach of the morning train until he was within a few feet of the platform. The train was coming up on the other side of it. It stopped only one minute at Quicksand. What an opportunity it would offer to Calliope! He had only to step out the other door, mount the train and away!

Abandoning his breastworks, Buck, with his gun ready, dashed up the steps and into the room, driving open the closed door with one heave of his weighty shoulder. The members of the posse heard one shot fired inside, and then there was silence.

At length the wounded man opened his eyes. After a blank space he again could see and hear and feel and think. Turning his eyes about, he found himself lying on a wooden bench. A tall man with a perplexed countenance, wearing a big badge with "City Marshal" engraved upon it, stood over him. A little old woman in black, with a wrinkled face and sparkling black eyes, was holding a wet handkerchief against one of his temples. He was trying to get these facts fixed in his mind and connected with past events when the old woman began to talk.

"There now, great, big, strong man! That bullet never touched you—just skeered along the side of your head and sort of paralyzed you for a spell. I've heerd of seeh things afore. Concussion is what they names it. Aigh! Watkins used to kill squirrels that way—barkin' 'em. Abe called it. You just been barked, sir, and you'll be all right in a little bit. Feel lots better already, don't you? You just lay still awhile longer and let me bathe your head. You don't know me, I reckon, and 'tain't surprisin' that you shouldn't. I come in on that train from Alabama to see my son. Big son, ain't he? Lands, you wouldn't hardly think he'd ever been a baby, would you? This is my son, sir."

Half turning, the old woman looked up at the standing man, her worn face lighting with a proud and wonderful smile. She reached out one veined and calloused hand and took one of her son's. Then, smiling cheerily down at the prostrate man, she continued to dip the handkerchief in the waiting pan on the wash bench and gently apply it to his temple.

"I ain't seen my son before," she continued, "in eight years. One of my nephews, Elkanah Price, he's a conductor on one of them railroads, and he got me a pass to come out here. I can stay a whole week on it, and then it'll take me back ag'in. Jest think, now, that little boy of mine has got to be a officer—a city marshal of a whole town! That's somethin' like a constable, ain't it? I never knowed he was a officer. He didn't say nothin' about it in his letters. I reckon he thought his old mother 'd be skeered about the danger he was in. But, laws, I never was much of a hand to git skeered. 'Tain't no use. I heard them guns a-shootin' while I was gittin' off them cars, and I see smoke a-comin' out of the depot, but I jest walked right along. Then I see son's face lookin' out through the window. I knowed him at once. He met me at the door and squeezed me most to death. And there you was, sir, a-lyin' there jest like you was dead, and I 'lowed we'd see what might be done to help set you up."

"I think I'll sit up now," said the concussion patient. "I'm feelin' pretty well for this time."

He [illegible] weakly yet, leaning [illegible]. He was a rigid [illegible] straight. His eyes, [illegible] seemed to fix [illegible] while that standing [illegible] look vanished [illegible] and he [illegible] it to his temple.

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"THIS IS MY SON, SIR."

I told her I was the marshal and you was a holy terror. You can take your badge back now, Buck."

With shaking fingers Calliope began to unfasten the disk of metal from his shirt.

"Easy there!" said Buck Patterson. "You keep that badge right where it is, Calliope Catesby. Don't you dare to take it off till the day your mother leaves this town. You'll be city marshal of Quicksand as long as she's here to know it. After I stir around town a bit and put 'em on I'll guarantee that nobody won't give the thing away to her. And, say, you leather headed, rip roarin', low down son of a locoed cyclone, you follow that advice she give me! I'm goin' to take some of it myself, too."

"Buck," said Calliope feelingly, "if I don't I hope I may"—

"Shut up!" said Buck. "Shes a-comin' back."

His Sarcastic Friend.

He was very proud of his new automobile—talked automobile, dreamed automobile, read automobile. Finally to his friends he became a nuisance, and each to himself swore softly that he would hide his time and at the proper moment give him a little verbal thrust.

Finally one long suffering individual was asked to go for a ride. Excuses were of no avail. He was bundled into the machine and taken for a spin through the parks and over the boulevards. In due course of time, without any serious mishap, they pulled up at the Automobile club. The auto crank and his guest were soon surrounded by several of their friends.

"How did you enjoy your ride?" was asked of the auto crank's friend.

"Until today I never thought an automobile could go so fast," was his reply. (Here the auto crank was all attention. That was some praise for his car. Right out in public too. That would silence some of the scoffers who said his machine should be called Snail.) "Why, do you know there was a car went by us at such a clip that I could hardly see it."

The auto crank glared, and under his gaze the group melted away. They had had their revenge.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Juvenile Suicides.

"A generation ago the taking of their own lives by minors was almost an unheard of occurrence," said a physician. "Now it is becoming alarmingly frequent not only in this country, but in Europe. In most cases the phenomenon can be set down to the artificial life people lead and to the complex conditions of modern existence. Very often parents are too ambitious for their children and by constant appeals to them so work on the nervous temperaments of their offspring as to bring on a derangement of the mental faculties. One of the most noted specialists of France, Dr. Berillon, who has made a study of the matter, asserts that children who have a suicidal tendency are for the most part wanting in the sense of smell. He makes recommendation that all who suffer from this defect should be taken to an expert for examination, as it might tend to forestall some future tragedy."—Baltimore American.

The First Automobilist.

Nicholas Joseph Cugnot was the first automobilist. Many years before Stephenson had introduced his railway locomotive Cugnot, who was a military engineer, had made a locomotive for roads. His locomotive has been piously preserved at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. Cugnot died in 1804. His lot was not that of many geniuses. He did not die in want. Napoleon had secured him a pension of 1,000 francs—passing rich on $200 a year. In this respect the premier consul showed more enlightenment than he did in regard to Fulton of steamboat fame, whom he considered—it is distressing to write—an adventurer. Cugnot's carriage was built to transport arms and he had designed a service gun. These achievements alone would be a passport to Napoleon's favor.—London Globe.

His Luxurious Pillow.

"When sleeping cars first came in," said a railroad man, "the bedclothes in the berths were very scanty. On one of these early cars one night after everybody had turned in and the lights were low a loud voice called from an upper berth:

"'Porter, got a corkscrew?'

"The porter came hurrying down the aisle.

"'Boss,' he said in a scandalized tone, 'we don't allow no drinkin' in the berths. It's against the rules.'

"'Oh, it ain't that, porter,' the voice answered. 'I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort of worked its way into my ear.'"

The Persian Crow's Beak.

There is a weapon known as the crow's beak which was formerly much in use among men of rank in Persia and north India. It was a horseman's weapon and consisted of a broad curved dagger blade fixed at right angles to a shaft, pickax fashion. The shaft incloses a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms and especially of the battleaxes of Persia.

Her Question Answered.

Yes, Geraldine, we quite agree with you that the crunching of celery is a noise abhorrent to the sensitive soul. A much better way is to cut the stalks into medium sized pieces and hold them in the mouth until they dissolve.

Write again, Geraldine. We are always glad to dispense useful information.—Lippincott's.

Maternal Pride.

Mr. Newlywed—This paper says there are 50,000,000 babies born every year. Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, darling, doesn't that make you proud? Mr. N.—Why should it? Mrs. N.—Why, just to think that our baby is the smartest and prettiest of 50,000,000.—Cleveland Leader.

An Amendment.

A health hint says, "Do not bolt your food." And a comedian comes back with the observation, "It is much better to use a padlock."—Exchange.

Pleasant.

The Friend—Your wife doesn't appear to be in very good humor. Husband—No. She thinks I've invited you to dinner.—Jean Qui Rit.

Bad laws are the worst of tyranny. —Burke.

BATTLES WITH LOCUSTS.

In 1749 an Army Was Arrayed Against the Ravaging Pests.

Since the days of the pharaohs the locust has been an unmitigated plague. Pliny relates that in many places in Greece a law obliged the inhabitants to wage war against the insects three times a year—i. e., in their various states of egg, larvae and adult.

In 1749 locusts stopped the army of Charles XII., king of Sweden, as it was retreating from Bessarabia after its defeat at Poltava. The king at first imagined that he was being assailed by a terrific hailstorm.

In Transylvania in 1780 the ravages of the locusts assumed such disastrous proportions that the army had actually to be called out to deal with the pests, and whole regiments of soldiers were employed gathering them up and putting them into sacks.

A weird, uncanny looking customer is the locust. The general color scheme of his body is a kind of indefinite green, relieved by pink legs and wings of a whitish color. Two huge, blank, unmeaning eyes give an expression of utter imbecility to the insect's countenance.

To atone in a measure for their destructive proclivities the locusts are edible. The Arabs are particularly fond of them. Camels, to which they are given after being dried and roasted between two layers of ashes, look upon locusts as great delicacies.

The flavor resembles that of crabs, and in Bagdad they are consumed so extensively as to affect the price of meat.—Stray Stories.

A Judicial Reproof

A justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

Wise Rosalind!

Reginald—Darling, I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on $4 a week. Do you think it possible?

Rosalind—No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you!—Cleveland Leader.

One Man's Theory.

"No, I don't think women will ever succeed as railroad engineers."

"Why not?"

"They would lose too much time holding up their trains at crossing."—Boston Transcript.

It is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

The Ruling Passion.

Among the well known figures of the Paris salons mentioned in "An Eighteenth Century Marquise" was Bossut, mathematician and abbe, who had translated Maria Agnesi's work on the infinitesimal calculus. "When he was dying Maupertius was by his bedside. No one knew whether the agony was ended. 'Twelve times twelve?' asked Maupertius in a distinct voice. 'One hundred and forty-four,' came the automatic answer as Bossut breathed his last."

Appearances.

It is the appearances that fill the scene, and we pause not to ask of what realities they are the proxies. When the actor of Athens moved all hearts as he clasped the burial urn and burst into broken sobs how few then knew that it held the ashes of his son!—Bulwer-Lytton.

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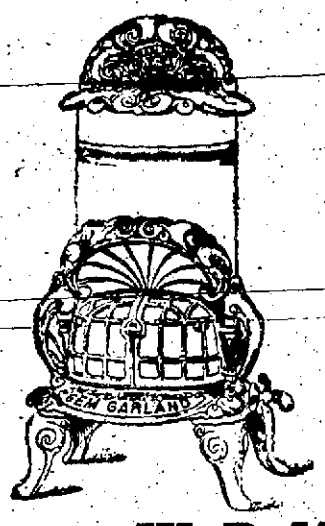

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We have just received a full line of up-to-date Heating Stoves,

Prices Right

— AT —

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 8, 1910.

Local and General.

—Two weeks from Sunday is Christmas.

—Now is a most opportune time to pay your subscription.

—Do not delay your Christmas shopping until the last day.

—A sale of sweater coats is advertised by H. W. Rubin in this issue.

—The Travelers' Club will hold its regular meeting at their club rooms on Saturday.

—Read the new advertisement of The Lindholm Company at the head of these columns.

—F. H. Hanglville, the wholesale liquor dealer, has a change of advertisement this week.

—Officer McCarthy is enforcing the ordinance prohibiting coasting on the sidewalks of this borough.

—Fry & Comes have an offer to the children in an extra advertisement this week. Little ones, look it up.

—Read the holiday advertisement of the Bisgrt Store in this issue. Her line of Christmas goods is always distinctive and modern.

—Special inducements to the early Christmas shopper are offered by Monheimer in his advertisement in this issue.

—Business was so light in the November criminal court in Tioga county that all cases were put over to the January term and the jurymen notified not to appear.

—"Dare Devil Dan" is a musical meringue that tickles the reflections, likewise the risibles. Quickens the imagination and engenders a fellow feeling and points some morals. To be seen at the Lyceum on Saturday, Dec. 10.

—The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Episcopal church will have a Christmas market in the chapel on Monday, Dec. 12th. They will also have an oyster supper in connection with the sale. Sale will begin at 2:30 and the supper at 5:30. Supper tickets 25 cents.

—A meringue is classed as a delicate pastry, and a musical meringue is a delicate, dramatic composition with appropriate musical numbers interlined. Such is the definition given to "Dare Devil Dan" to be seen at the Smethport Lyceum on Saturday, Dec. 10, by dramatic and musical critics.

—The younger members of the Hamlin-McCoy family had a dinner party at the Wright House last Saturday evening. Covers were laid for 15 and mine host, F. L. Sherburne, did himself proud on this occasion. It is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves hugely.

—Manager J. C. Backus informs us that the sale of stock in the new Backus Novelty Company is progressing in a very satisfactory manner and asks us to invite any person who wants stock and whom he has not called on, to call on him or write early that he may reserve the amount they desire.

—E. F. Stately is local agent for the Red Cross Christmas Seals, and has placed them in the following stores: H. C. Wells, F. A. McCoy, Armstrong's drug store and Mrs. M. L. Bisett. Mr. Starsky has also a supply on hand which he will be glad to sell to anyone wishing to help this good cause.

—According to all indications, the Pennsylvania railroad company is planning to spend considerable money in this vicinity next summer. Surveyors were working through the borough this week, and, while it is probable that no road will be double-tracked between Emporium and Buffalo sometime in the near future, it is generally conceded that a lot of money will be spent in straightening the track between Eldred and Portville, and already surveys have been made near State Line Mills that, if adopted, will necessitate a great deal of expense.—Eldred Eagle.

—Mr. and Mrs. John E. Chadwick left last Friday for Basin, Wyoming, where the expect to make their future home. Mr. Chadwick, who has been leader and instructor of the band and orchestra for a number of years, expects to follow his profession in that place. He is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music and one of the ablest musicians Smethport has ever had. Born and raised here, he has a host of friends in Smethport and surrounding country who deeply regret the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, but wish them abundant success in their new home.

—One year ago the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League was organized to carry on the fight against consumption in the northwestern portion of Pennsylvania; they took the Don Air sanatorium which had eight beds and during the succeeding eight months increased the capacity to forty beds, and to-day there are about 30 people on the waiting list, thus showing the necessity of the existence of such a work. The proceeds from the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals will assist this society to increase the capacity of the Don Air sanatorium. No one can tell when some of their friends will need the services of an institution of this character. Put your pennies into Christmas Stamps and help to perpetuate the Don Air sanatorium.

—A runaway on Main street Monday evening created some little excitement. Two young men from Crosby were driving a horse down the street and when opposite The Lindholm store the horse slipped and fell on the pavement. The animal in floundering kicked one wheel to pieces and one of the men, who jumped over the dashboard to catch the horse by the head, received a kick in the leg, severely bruising that member but breaking no bones. In the mean time the frightened animal regained its feet and ran down to the Wight House where the buggy went against a tree and was torn loose, the horse continuing to Daly's livery. The other man was uninjured and the horse escaped with a few slight cuts. The buggy was badly damaged.

Impressing Mary.

A colored lady from the interior of Virginia had her first view of the ocean the other day. She stood on the porch of the cottage where she was to cook for a few months and took one short glance at the sea, which was calm and quiet that afternoon. Then she turned away.

"Well, Mary," said her mistress, "what do you think of the sea?"

"'Taints to me it's awful flat," replied Mary, and she went into the house without another look.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

No More.

We used to smile at pictures gay
That showed the farmer as "a jay,"
Who chewed a straw and said "By gum!"
And thought that he was going some
If he should spend a silver dime
When up to town to have a time.
That was the way we talked of yore.
We do not talk so any more.

Your uncle comes around today,
The owner of a load of hay
And live stock, too, and corn and things,
Enough to ransom petty kings.
His bank account is something great,
Besides his bonds and real estate,
And so his pardon we implore.
We'll never josh him any more.
—Washington Star.

Not For Good.

There are many reasons for a girl's giving up office work, but one mentioned in the following story is perhaps the most effective that could be invented:

"Miss Smith is going away," said one of the stenographers to another.

"Is she leaving for good?"

"No, not for good; for better or for worse."—Brooklyn Life.

The Pinnacle of Bliss.

The very happiest moment in my life,
I must confess,
Was not when she who has become my wife
Said "Yes!"
Neither did it occur at our first kiss,
Although that seemed the acme of all bliss.

'Twas when I hied me to my dentist's, where
I thought to spend
Some painful hours in his fiendish chair,
My nerves to rend.
And lo! He prodded every tooth at will,
But found not any cavities to fill!
—Lippincott's.

Pulled?

Mrs. Joggles—I see, Elijah, that they have uncovered in an Egyptian tomb the mummy of a man whose right leg was nearly a foot longer than his left. How strange!

Mr. Joggles—Not at all, Miranda! Simply convincing evidence that the church fair and festival had vogue in ancient Egypt.—Browning's Magazine.

The Awakening.

I dreamed of her I once loved best,
Who once by being had possessed,
Whose hand I'd passionately pressed.
Once more I sought her out with zest,
"She'll joy to welcome me," I guessed.
And then—ah me,
That it should be!—
With bitter pain
I guessed again.
I found a bird in last year's nest
With plumage rare
Of yellow hair,
With her sweet golden head at rest
Upon the vest
He wore on his protective chest!
—Harper's Weekly.

Defined.

"Ethelbert!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"What is a forecast? I've never understood."

"A forecast, my dear, is a bunch of happy lovers organized into a trust under the laws of the state of New Jersey."—Cleveland Leader.

Hobble, Hobble!

Hobble, hobble, little one!
Wonder you are not afraid,
Up on the top of precarious,
Down around the knees so slenderous.
Hobble, hobble, little one!
Wonder you are not afraid.

Hobble, hobble, little one!
Would-be bow-wow bobbing's done.
If a little breeze should blow
You would topple over—so!
There! Don't cry! No harm is done.
Hobble, hobble, little one!
—New York Times.

Side Lights on Mythology.

Aeolus, god of the winds, had just evolved the tornado.

"Merely practicing," he said.

Later, when in the full maturity of his powers, he turned loose what is known as the Masonic temple breeze.—Chicago Tribune.

Burned Up.

The fly screens have been put away,
The ice cream freezer, too,
And the electric fan is still,
It has no work to do.

And soon, with scuttle in my hand,
I'll in the cellar peer
And probably shall find my coal
Was all burned up last year.
—Chicago News.

Still a Woman.

Hewitt—She is a man in her enjoyment of baseball.

Jewett—But she showed that she is still a woman by refusing to sit through the thirteenth inning.—New York Press.

A Rhyme of the Times.

There was a young fellow named Cooney,
Who fell deep in love and got moony.
He spent all his cash
On the girl, which was rash,
When she shook him all said, "Now, who's loony?"
—Baltimore American.

Close to the Soil.

"How can I get next to the plain people? A man can't split rails these days."

"Well, you might split a few infinitives."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Look Around.

Beyond the Alps lies Zeppelin,
Fresh fallen, like the rain,
His ship a mass of twisted tin
And his fortune split in twain.
Alas, when will the count begin
To build an aeroplane?
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Scattered Family.

I met a little orphan,
Who, sad, began to cry:
"I'm left without relations
In little old N. Y.

"Ma hustled to Nevada,
It was the place, said she,
Where residence in Reno
Would make a person free.

"My brother to Ohio
Picked up his heels and went.
He thinks it is the method
To be a president.

"In haste to reach the border
My pa is making tracks.
He goes to Minnesota,
The state without a [illegible]"
—Judge.

An Unpleasant Suspicion.

"Robert, I must remind you not to linger in the hall when I have a few business friends to dinner."

"I was only keeping an eye on the hats and coats, sir."

"Eh! Why, you didn't do that at your former place, did you?"

"No, sir. My former master's guests were quite a different sort, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Difference.

I know a human dynamo
Who does some careful dressing
At ten to it to his office go
When golfing isn't pressing.
He sits up in his office neat
While other folks are broiling
And there with a constant bleat
About the joy of toiling.

I know a lot of smaller fry,
A lot of lesser fellows,
Some make the dirt in ditches fly,
Some run a forge or bellows,
Some drive a wagon or a dray,
Some earn their bread by clerking,
But none of these has much to say
About the joy of working.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pastures New.

The receiving teller was examining with a magnifying glass a suspicious looking bill that just came in.

"I wonder what that fellow is trying to do?" said one microbe on the bill.

"Don't be alarmed," said an old microbe; "he's probably only one of those comic bug artists hunting for new subjects."—Sunday Illustrated Magazine.

A Twentieth Century Lullaby.

Father's in his monoplane, sailing round the moon.
Mother, in the taxicab, won't be home till noon.
Brother's in his motorboat on the silent sea,
Rock, wee motor cradle, in the nursery!

See the Silver Dream balloon down the Milky way,
Floating through the starry drift to beat you far away.
Aeronauts with poppies crowned at the Isha I see,
Rock, wee motor cradle, in the nursery!

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Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

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The chances are have it.

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This is the first time in the history of the jewelry trade when **Genuine Diamonds are being sold so much underprice.**

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A small deposit will reserve any diamond until you're ready to pay the balance.

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HARRY L. BACHMAN,
Editor and Prop'r.

...mithport, Thursday, Dec. 8, 1910.

...ter the coming session of the legislature McKean county will have one member of assembly instead of two. The cause of this is the decrease in population, according to the last census. In 1900 McKean county had a population of 51,343, but in 1910 it only has 47,868, a decrease of 3,475, which is sufficient to reduce our membership one. The other losses are: Philadelphia from 41 to 40; Bradford county from 2 to 1; Clearfield from 2 to 1; Cumberland from 2 to 1; Lancaster from 5 to 4; Tioga from 2 to 1; and Venango from 2 to 1. The gains are: Allegheny county from 24 to 25; Cambria from 3 to 4; Indiana county from 1 to 2; Washington from 3 to 4, and Westmoreland from 5 to 6. This makes the membership of the House for 1913, 205 instead of 207 as in the present.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy died at her home at Chestnut Hill, Boston, Saturday evening, aged nearly ninety years. Of her life the Philadelphia Inquirer says: It is not too much to say of her that she was one of the most wonderful women that any of the centuries have produced. After a varied career she gave to the world the new doctrine of Christian Science, and its results have been little short of marvelous. Fought by other religious bodies, scoffed at by physicians and made the subject of court proceedings time and time again, Mrs. Eddy's doctrine still has flourished, until its churches are to be found everywhere.

Christian Science is no longer a weakling. It has lived down the sneers of the scoffers, for the very good reason that there are to be found in its ranks men and women in every community whose intelligence and social standing are beyond question. It has become a wealthy organization. Some of the finest church edifices in the land, notably the mother church in Boston, are those devoted to Christian Science. And all this great growth has come in a few years under the sole guidance of a woman—Mrs. Eddy.

What the future holds in store for the Scientists is problematical, for the great leader of the faith is no more. It is given every mortal to die at some time. Intelligent Christian Scientists have fully realized this fact, and yet there may have been a lingering idea—shadowy, perhaps, but still existing—that in some manner Mrs. Eddy might be spared for many years to come.

Mrs. Eddy's last years have been spent in a cloud of mystery. She has refused to show herself in public. She has lived the hermit's life, only occasionally issuing some word of direction or command. Because of this there have been those to claim that she had lost her faculties, that she was even dead and that her death was being concealed. But, in spite of all, her remarkable following has been constantly augmenting in numbers and influence. It remains to be seen what will happen now—whether the church will move on as heretofore under a new but a single direction, whether it will content itself with the reading of her teachings in the churches or whether it shall gradually disintegrate.

That genuine Christian Scientists are among the most contented and happy human beings cannot be denied. Those of them who believe that they are practicing a great truth will not give up. The problem that confronts the faith is not so much of the immediate present as of the future.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. C. Sasse was an Olean visitor on Monday.

Julius Hornlein was an Eldred visitor on Monday.

William Blankenburg had business in Olean on Monday.

Miss Sylvia E. Lawrence was a Mt. Jewett visitor Tuesday.

Orlo J. Hamlin was a business visitor in Bradford yesterday.

James Quirk was a business visitor in Bradford on Saturday.

Miss Anna Fay of Buffalo is home to spend her Christmas vacation.

Mrs. R. E. Burdick was a Buffalo visitor the early part of this week.

Mrs. E. E. Hearh left Monday for a week's visit with Buffalo friends.

Mrs. W. H. Baker of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Fuller, on Green street.

Earl Potter Hafner of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner.

Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner left for her home in Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday after a shot visit with friends in this place.

the illness of her mother, Mrs. P. R. Cotter.

William Lemen of Dansville, N. Y., has been the guest of his brother, S. D. Lemen, for the past week, returning home to-day.

Miss Mary Selover of Auburn, N. Y., arrived her Monday evening where she will be the guest of Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. C. M. Ghiette of Colegrove leaves to-day for Bridgeport, Ill., where she will spend some time with her niece, Mrs. C. E. Mullin and family.

Miss Maude Heath and Miss Ella Gallup, who have been in Cleveland, Ohio, for some time, returned to their homes here Monday evening for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Kellar and daughter, Grace, of Bridgeport, N. J., arrived in town Monday for a visit with Mrs. Kellar's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hallman.

Robert H. Kinney was the guest of his mother over Sunday, returning to Norwich Monday. He reports lively times up in the big woods. Building and improvements are the order of the day.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and Dr. H. L. McCoy left Monday on a business visit to Harrisburg. From there they went to Baltimore, Md., to visit Mr. Hamlin's daughter, Mrs. J. Heber McCandless. They are expected home this evening.

SANTA CLAUS

Has Opened Headquarters at
WELL'S DRUG STORE

As has been the custom for upward of Twenty Years Santa Claus has again opened headquarters at this store for the benefit of old and young who appreciate good gifts at Christmas time. The Jolly old fellow has completely filled the store from top to bottom, with the best to be found in his exhaustable pack. It is not often that Santa Claus decides to leave such a large and complete line of his goods in one store but he knows that we have always "Delivered the Goods" and that is what he wants.

Toilet Articles and Hand Bags
Are much in favor with the ladies this year and the line on display excells anything in this section.

Gifts For Men
Are as a rule hard to select, but you will have no trouble after visiting this store. The display is exceptionally large and attractive.

Dolls, Big and Little
It is well worth your while to see our display. We have hundreds of them-Bisque dolls that open and close their eyes and do almost everything but talk; unbreakable dolls, that are the pride of the really little ones, and all the other dolls.

Toys and Games
Here is where we really do shine above all competitors. Never was there anything like them in town. Everything you can think of and a lot you never heard of. Don't fail to see this line.

Pictures and Frames
This line is unusually choice and well selected.

Tree Trimmings
All that you could want in these novelties.

Come Early

H. C. WELLS
The Old Stand Smethport, Pa.

The Most Useful Christmas Gift

is a bank book with an initial deposit in this strong and popular institution. Whether the start is made with One Dollar, Ten Dollars, or any other sum, the gift will certainly be appreciated, and will set the recipient on the road to thrift and independence.
Write for booklet.

Four Per Cent. And No Worry.

Pittsburgh Bank for Savings
Fourth Avenue and Smithfield Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $1,000,000.00.

HIGH POWER GASOLINE

Gasoline is to an auto as the heart is to a runner—it must be just right. Inferior gasoline is the real cause of more auto trouble than any other one thing.
Waverly Gasolines
76° — Special — Motor
Power Without Carbon
Made especially for autos. Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion. Quick ignition—never fails. Your dealer has them.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Independent Refiners
Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
...CHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE LYCEUM
SAT., DEC. 10
W. F. MANN
Presents
G. L. BEVERIDGE

A Bright Catchy Musical Drama.

DARE DEVIL DAN

By WM. FLETCHER

Special song Numbers
A strong production
A strong Cast

Seats Now on Sale at Well's Drug Store. Prices 25c, 35c and 50c.

Sale of
SWEATER COATS
A Complete Line
All Kinds
All sizes
Too many
so we have decided to
CUT THE PRICE
Buy him a sweater coat fot a useful Xmas gift.
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

Ribbon Dept. Second to None.

Olean's Big Dept. Store

Art Linen Dept. at its Best.

This Week's Shoe Selling
150 pairs of $4 Ladies' Tan Shoes made from the famous Carl Smith leather, all sizes, Saturday price, $2.98. Holiday Slippers for Men, Women and Children, prices 25c to $2.00 pair. Quelian "Bombey" Moccasins now on sale at 50c to $1.50 pair.

Xmas Furniture Third Floor
Full line Ladies' Writing Desks, newest finish, prices from $4.50 to $18. 150 Parlor Tables, beautifully finished Mission, Oak or Mahogany; prices $1.69 to $25. 50 brush brass costumers, prices, $2.75 to $5. 3 heavy framed parlor suits, mahogany finish, Special Price $28.

Xmas. only three weeks away and the days will pass quickly. You'll have the best to choose from if you begin now, if you delay you loose much of the pleasure of gift buying. Bell Bros. Big Store is ready and can help you as never before. "Bell's" Basement is open to all the children as well as adults.

Here you find Toyland, Doll-land, Bookland and everything for the children. Our basement is the biggest Santa Claus store we have ever featured. THE DOLLS—what a show! Jointed Dolls, Kid Dolls, Character Dolls, Baby Bump Dolls, and every price from 25c to $10.00.

ALL THE TOYS ARE HERE.

3000 square feet of floor space devoted to toys alone; all in the basement. Here are Mechanical Toys and Iron Toys, Complete Kitchens, Bathroom sets, Brass and Iron Doll Beds, Airships, Magic Lanterns and Moving Pictures, Games, Building Blocks, Drums and thousands of toys that make the children's hearts glad.

Our Books Are In The Basement Too
Special For This Week.

500 cloth bound Books, many are written by famous authors, value from 25c to 50c, Saturday price 10c copy. 25c Books, a fine line of subjects for boys and girls. 50c Book sale, popular copyrighted fiction, publishers price $1.00. Baskets are in the basement. This Store has gained a prestige for always having a fine display of Christmas Baskets.

Basement Sale "OLD BRASS" Novelties.
Selected with great care, and so desirable for Christmas gifts, assortment large; paper cutters, stationery holders, twine boxes, ink wells, blotters, pen trays, book racks, candlesticks, calendars, smokers sets, photo frames, ash trays, tobacco jars, cigar jars, jardenieres, fern dishes, trays, finger bowls, etc.

Christmas Handkerchiefs Are Here.

Bell Bros. The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

Lisle and Silk HOSIERY Now Ready.

We are Exhibiting the SANTA CLAUS WINDOW

A Christmas Box With Every Purchase

Each Knife Guaranteed to Give Perfect Satisfaction

ADVERTISED IN THIS WEEK'S *SATURDAY EVENING POST*

showing an extraordinary assortment of

Robeson "Shur-Edge" Pocket Knives.

This is the most interesting Cutlery display ever made in this vicinity.

It includes fifteen new and exclusive patterns designed especially for this exhibit.

You're sure to find the knife that just suits your fancy for personal use, or

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT

DALY & GARLICK

LET THIS STORE HELP TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS HAPPY

—during our—

PRE-HOLIDAY SALE

This store can drive away your frowns and worries, with its immense assortment of the Holiday merchandise. For the prices we are quoting are not in the least burdensome. Come and see for your own satisfaction.

Don't put off your Christmas shopping until the last day, remember you only have fourteen more shopping days before you Heres a list of a few of the many gifts on sale here.

Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Toilet Articles of all description, Jewelry, Books, Mufflers, Slippers, Shoes, Coats, Hats, Furs and a hundred other just such appropriate gifts, including a big line of Toys and Dolls.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 8, 1910.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The annual six-day bicycle race is on in New York this week.

—John O. Dodge, one of the proprietors of the Wright House, is quite seriously ill at that hotel.

—W. H. Hungerford and W. J. Kerr expect to get their theatorium in operation at Hazelhurst within the next week.

—Notice what "Ike" Simons, the popular Bradford clothing merchant, has to say in his advertisement in this issue.

—"The Skyman," a thrilling serial story will begin soon in the columns of The Miner. You should read every line of this excellent bit of fiction.

—The clam chowder supper given by the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church at the chapel last Saturday evening was a decided success. About sixty dollars was realized on the supper.

—Santa Claus has made his annual call on H. C. Wells Drug Store and in a double column advertisement Harry tells something about what the "jolly old fellow" left at his store for the young and old.

—While washing buggies at A. T. Palmer's livery barn Monday afternoon, Geo. N. Barrett fell and broke his arm. He was taken to the County Home, where the fracture was reduced and the unfortunate man was made as comfortable as possible.

—Gus Kullshun, a woodsman aged 21 years, who formerly lived at Medix Run, was brought to the County Home on Tuesday last from the big woods at Norwich, suffering with pneumonia. At this writing he is considered out of danger, although he was in a very serious condition for a few days.

—Nearly all the merchants in town now have their holiday goods on display now and there is no reason why most of the Christmas shoppers should not make their purchases early instead of waiting until the last moment and then be obliged to take up with the remnants or leavings. Don't wait but get busy now.

—Christmas shoppers will do well to examine closely any $2.00 bills they may receive in change. A new counterfeit $2 silver certificate has been discovered, probably having originated in Chicago. The note is not a good one, on close examination, but would easily deceive any one not accustomed to counterfeits.

—A Jamestown dispatch dated Dec. 5, says: Donald, the 10-year-old son of Bert Baldwin, of No. 224 Fair mount avenue, was drowned at noon Sunday while skating with some companions on the Chautauqua lake outlet. He broke through the thin ice and disappeared before help could reach him. The body was recovered an hour later.

—Miss Alice Lynch entertained about 25 of her friends at her home in East Smethport last Wednesday evening, in honor of her cousin, Miss Maude Fellows of Johnsonburg. The evening was spent in playing games and cards, after which a dainty luncheon was served, to which all did ample justice.

—Austin is having a slight epidemic of typhoid fever. The Autograph says that within the past few weeks a dozen or more cases have developed. An investigation is being made by the State and local board of public health to find the cause of this outbreak.

—A large Christmas advertisement of Bell Brothers, Olean, appears on the fourth page of this issue.

—Dr. Crippen, who was hanged in London on Wednesday morning, Nov. 23rd, for the murder of his wife, Belle Elmore, was well known to many Potter county people. At one time he was a Syracuse dentist and made annual pilgrimages to near Germania every spring to shoot pigeons. He is recalled as a man fastidious in taste and dress and the possessor of the most expensive shooting togs that ever graced the Potter barrens.—Kane Republican.

—Matthew Smith, aged 76 years, died at the County Home on Monday, Dec. 5, 1910. The cause of death was gangrene of the feet from which he had suffered for a long time. He had been an inmate of the Home since 1906. His remains were taken to St. Elizabeth's church on Tuesday morning where the funeral services were held and burial took place in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—In a dispute over a dollar, two men and a boy were seriously shot at South Sharon, Pa., Saturday afternoon. The wounded are: Joe Palermo, aged 17 years, who may die; Tony V. Bolo and Louis Pallardi. Patsy Hucky, who, it is alleged did the shooting, was surrounded by a mob of foreigners, threatening to lynch him, when the police interfered. It was with great difficulty that he was placed in jail.

—The 10 per cent. dividend to creditors of the Eldred bank has been declared and Trustee Marsh will be busy making out checks, but they should be on the hands of creditors in time to help the holiday enjoyments. * * * In the matter of the criminal prosecution of the committee is insisting upon a trial of at least one of the cases this month and it will not be postponed, with their consent, without good and sufficient reasons. The 1 per cent. levy will raise sufficient to accomplish a good deal in these cases.—Eldred Eagle.

—Judge Walling of Erie has just imposed a sentence of 30 years on Joseph Baumbauer under a new Pennsylvania law which is probably the first sentence given in the state since that act. He was guilty, through his own admission, of coming under the habitual criminals' act because he had served more than a year in the penitentiary on two previous sentences. Judge Walling in passing sentence said the law was not so explicit in regard to imposing sentences, so he made Baumbauer's term read not less than three years or more than 30 years in addition to a fine of $20 and costs. He had been convicted of larceny of a coat and vest.

—Mrs. Adeliade Robinson, aged 66, a well known resident of Hollidaysburg, Blair county, is under arrest charged with the murder of her daughter's infant child by chloroform, and, following a story which she related to the police, her husband, Samuel Robinson, and Dr. E. M. Duff, also of Hollidaysburg, have been detained as witnesses. The circumstances of the case are unusual. Mrs. Robinson was arrested just after she stepped from a cab at the Pennsylvania station Saturday evening, when the cab driver, John Schultz, called an officer and declared he had seen the woman administer chloroform to the child while riding in his carriage and then place the infant in a telescopic traveling bag. The police allege that Mrs. Robinson confessed to this when brought to headquarters and when the dead child was taken from the bag the woman collapsed.

—All Doylestown, Pa., went goose-hunting a few nights ago. Early in the evening a flock of wild geese, thousands in number, and apparently bewildered in the light fog above the town, swept down into the streets in great numbers and continued to fly about during the night. The geese were struck by trolley cars, and at the Reading depot several were knocked down by passenger coaches and captured alive by the railroad employees. The flock of these wary water fowl, the most difficult for a hunter to approach, appeared to be so large that it overspread the country surrounding the town. Several of these geese were captured at nearby farm houses where they settled about the buildings, utterly bewildered. Those captured weighed from 12 to 15 pounds.

Business Property for Sale.

Block 60x100, located heart business center, Jamestown, N. Y., paying at present time over 10 per cent. investment, well rented to high grade tenants on favorable leases, which can be largely increased at expiration. Porperty rapidly increasing in value. Price $60000.00, one-half cash, balance 4 per cent. mortgage. Jamestown is most prosperous industrial city in Western New York. Write to WM. J. GILBERDS, Jamestown, N. Y.

Dec.1-3t

Administer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration in the estate of Edward Johnson, late of Hazelhurst, Pa., deceased, have been granted to F. T. Anderson. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

F. T. ANDERSON,
Administrator,
Hazelhurst, Pa., Nov. 3, 1910.

Nov. 3-6t

3000 Graduates.

For reference. Twenty-ninth school year. No solicitors. Call or write. Westbrook Academy, Olean. Dec.8-2t

To The Children of Smethport.

Read this to-day, then to-morrow go to the Store that Sells Wooltex.

This store has some pretty blotters to give you FREE.

They are just the size to put in your copy book.

There are several different kinds.

The boys and girls who come first may choose the blotters they like best.

Be sure that you come between 8 and 9 in the morning.

FRY & COMES

The store that sells Wooltex.

The Biscuit Store

Headquarters for

Santa Claus

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Ladies and Childrens' Furnishings.

Infants Goods a Specialty

Long Coats
Bonnets
Sacques
Kimonas, etc.

Everything beautiful for

Christmas

SHOP NOW

Do not just *Think* about it but act to-day. You have many advantages over the last-minute-shopper, if you come to us now. Our store is brim full of the choicest selection of

XMAS GOODS

You will find here **EVERY-THING** that **Men and Boys** wear—and like, things too numerous to name. Besides, you can

Save from $2.00 to $5.00

if you wish to buy a Man's, Boy's or Child's Suit or Overcoat as a Xmas gift.

MONHEIMER'S

Fry & Comes

OUR CHRISTMAS STORE

We want yot to see it at its best—that's now whil are complete. The manufacturers of gift goods have been dustrious during the past year so that Christmas shoppers a treated to some very pleasing novelties, notably, "Arts and goods in Brass and Wood. Articles are Bowls, Smokers S Racks, etc.

In our regular lines of the more practical sorts such a Womens and Childrens Wear and House Furnishings asso are complete and values best obtainable.

We want to talk Books and Stationery, too, just now tical gifts you'll agree and always acceptable—Authors listec are handsomely bound—covers bearing four color illustratior

Books

Alger 20c.
Choice of following 25c.
Mrs. E. Meade
Louisa May Alcott
Rose N. Cary
Daniel Defoe
Mary Mapes Dodge
Andrew Lang
J. F. Cooper
Mary Jane Holmes etc.

Stationery

Fancy Boxes 10c. to $2.00
Pound Pkgs. 25c. to 35c.
Envelopes to matc 10c. per Pkge.
Xmas Cards and Seals 5c. to 10c. per Pkg
Doll Carriages 50c. to $6.75

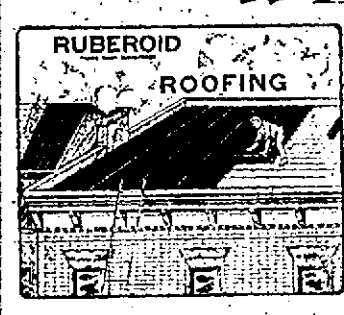
Juvenile Books 5c. to $1.25

Other Suggestions

Umbrellas 50c. to $8.75
Neckwear 10c. to $1.75
Mufflers 50c. to $3.75
Gloves 25c. to $3.75
Furs $1.00 to 50.00
Sweaters $1.00 to $4.50
Toilet Sets 50c. to $4.50
Toys 5c. to $5.00
Dolls 5c. to $5.75
Games 5c. to $1.50

FRY & COMES,

WHY



are there a multitude of terials called "Rubber Roofi offered to the Public? explanation is simple—TO TEMPT TO SELL THEM ON T RECORD AND REPUTATION

RUBEROID ROOFIN

by selecting a name to eat the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard reac -to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the enti civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will teriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived b unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID i uame and appearance. See that the registered trade mar "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material ever four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HOLIDAY JEWELRY

There is nothing more certain to please the recipient of your Christmas Gift than some article in our jewelry line, which is now complete in all its

Christmas Elegances

We have neither the time nor the space to name all these attractive gifts but we have a complete up-to-date stock including all the novelties in

Precious stones, Gold, Silver, Cut Glass, Plated ware.

Every article is sold under our guarantee to be just as represented. Engraving FREE on any purchase made at this store and we will add that early purchasers will get the finest work

ENGSTROM & OLSON

Jewelers

Smethport Penna

TAKE IT,

taste it, and if it isn't the best brandy you ever had for your money we'll take back what's left of it without a word. Same sentence goes with the word "whiskey" or "wine" substituted for "brandy." Strong statement, but backed by facts. We said "for the money." Find out how little that means in this store for the sale of

UNC

FLOWERS N HER BONNET

a Pink Geranium Made Me In a Church Society.

y CLARISSA MACKIE.

ght, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Wixon paused outside the door and waited until two other women joined her; then the three heir way slowly down the path it into the dusty road, where plodding feet left a white cloud t in their wake.

Wixon was short and stout and face, with iron gray hair, surd by a rusty black velvet turbove which waggled a worn feather. Her antiquated cape usty, as was the black silk skirt ralled.

Luella Barton was tall and of ow complexion. Her gown was tter material and perhaps in a

"I LIKE TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS MYSELF."

tter state of preservation than that her stout companion, but it was far om fresh or inviting.

Little Mrs. Peters skipped along be de the other women, a faded blue raw hat askew on her white hair. ll three women, were exceedingly habby shoes, and their garments seem d unsuitable for the hot June day. hey had been the last ones to leave he church, and now they had the white, hot highway to themselves.

"Did you see it?" asked Mrs. Wixon breathlessly of her companions.

"I did," agreed Miss Barton ashily.

"And I," chirruped Mrs. Peters.

"I guess we'll have to call a special meeting, after all," murmured Mrs. Wixon, with a degree of relish in her tone.

"There ain't no use in having a society with rules to it if the rules ain't kept," snorted Miss Barton.

"My husband says a rule isn't a rule unless it is enforced," remarked Mrs. Peters importantly.

"We're going to enforce this one," said Mrs. Wixon decidedly. "Cornelia Rowland knows the rules of the Give It Up society of the First M. E. church just as well as you and me do. She knows she ought to wear her old bonnet, no matter how poor it looks, until the new organ is paid for."

"I guess it won't hurt Cornelia to give up buying flowers for her hat any more'n it does for me to wear my Cousin Emmeline's castoff clothes," commented Luella Barton glumly.

"No, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Peters, "or for me to wear this awful bonnet. I ain't accustomed to wearing blue anyhow, and"—

"Tain't so much the wearing the clothes," interrupted Mrs. Wixon, tossing the thin feather majestically; "it's the principle of the thing. There's Cornelia, one of the charter members of the society, coming out with pink flowers in her bonnet for the last two Sundays. She knew she was breaking the tenth rule, which says:

"'No member shall purchase any new garment or article of adornment for her person until the debt on the church organ has been fully met and paid.'" quoted Mrs. Peters eagerly.

"As I was about to say," remarked Mrs. Wixon in an injured tone.

"And there's still $50 due on the organ," commented Miss Barton as she took out a handkerchief saturated with Florida water and proceeded to dust her square shoulders energetically.

"I suppose it will be another year before we can have any new—that is, I suppose it will be another year before the debt will be paid," said Mrs. Peters moodily.

"Mary Peters, I do believe you are feeling bad because you can't go gallivanting around with pink flowers in your bonnet, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Wixon indignantly. "For my part," she continued virtuously, "I'm willing to wear my old clothes year in and year out for the Lord's sake."

"So am I," said Miss Barton. "I give $2 last winter that I was going to lay out on spring clothes."

"I guess I've done my share," whimpered Mrs. Peters angrily. "I guess I done all the cooking for the fair and give"—

"That ain't either here or there," interrupted Mrs. Wixon decidedly as she paused at her front gate. "The matter before the society now is this: Shall flowers for her bonnet and has worn 'em, to church two Sundays? Last Sunday I spoke to her about it, and she said nothing and did nothing. Today she wore 'em again, and now we've got to take some action. That kind of flowers never cost less than 25 cents!"

"How do you know?" asked Luella.

"I went into Miss Kline's millinery store and asked to see pink geranium flowers, and she showed me a bunch just like Cornelia's, and it was 50 cents."

"Did Cornelia buy hers there?" asked the other women eagerly.

"I asked Miss Kline, and she wouldn't say. She's terrible close mouthed, you know."

"I know," nodded Mrs. Peters sagely. "When is the meeting to be?"

"Tomorrow afternoon, here, to my house," said Mrs. Wixon, "and I hope you'll both come. All the other members will be here and Cornelia too."

"We'll come," said the other women, moving along the road.

"Goodby!" said the president of the Give It Up society as she panted up the graveled walk.

"Is that Cornelia ahead?" asked Mrs. Peters, peering nearsightedly up the road.

"Yes," replied Luella Barton grimly. "She's just going in her gate."

"Cornelia's terrible dressy," sighed Mrs. Peters. "I always liked Cornelia Rowland, but I always thought she was fond of clothes."

"I've seen other people that's fond of clothes," sniffed Miss Barton, with a furtive glance at her friend.

"I suppose you mean me," retorted Mrs. Peters, with an offended laugh. "I don't care if I do like to look nice. My husband says I've looked so shabby the last year that he's ashamed to be seen with me on the street."

"I suppose that's why he spends so much time down to the postoffice," remarked Luella maliciously, as she stalked into her front yard and closed the gate with a vicious snap.

Mrs. Peters did not reply. Her blue eyes grew watery, and her thin little nose turned a deep pink, but she did not weep. There were suppressed woe and anger in the look that followed Luella's gaunt form into the front door. Then Mary Peters trotted along home.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wixon, bustling about her small parlor hospitably the following afternoon; "we're all here except Cornelia Rowland herself. I expect she'll be here presently."

There was a murmur of approval among the assembled ladies who comprised the members of the Give It Up society. Seated about the stuffy little room they numbered about twenty-five in all. Without exception they were shabbily attired. Some were even slovenly in their dress, while many were neatly but poorly dressed; but, representing, as they did, a prosperous farming community, a stranger would have been surprised at the lack of taste or beauty in their garments. Even the youngest women wore shroud lore gowns.

"Here comes Cornelia," whispered Mrs. Peters from her seat in the front window.

There were a shifting of chairs and a buzzing undertone as the harsh bell clanged through the house.

Then Mrs. Wixon, with grave importance depicted on her round face, ushered into the room the erring member of the Give It Up society.

Cornelia Rowland was small and thin, with a straight back and a trim figure. She had dark brown eyes and soft brown hair parted over her smooth brow. Her skin was faded, with a few lines here and there. She wore a spotlessly clean white muslin dress, with a white ribbon belt, and her feet were shod with old fashioned black prunella gaiters. She wore no hat.

She nodded seriously to the assembled women and took a chair which Mrs. Wixon indicated. As she seated herself she found that she was confronting the members of the society, while Mrs. Wixon, as its president, was seated beside her in a huge Boston rocker.

They all rocked silently for a few seconds; then Mrs. Wixon got upon her feet and adjusted a pair of steel bowed spectacles upon her nose. The women were looking at Cornelia Rowland's fresh attire and whispering among themselves.

"Silence!" commanded Mrs. Wixon sharply. There was a rustle of protest among the members; then they settled themselves expectantly.

"We are gathered here this afternoon," continued the president gravely, "to consider the action of one of our members in breaking the tenth rule."

There was a murmur of approval.

"I will give in a few words the history of the Give It Up society, and then the members can agree upon whether Cornelia Rowland's behavior is becoming to a member."

"I guess I'd like to speak a few words for myself," said Cornelia Rowland, arising with unexpected spirit and fixing her mild eyes upon Mrs. Wixon's heated countenance.

"Anybody got any objection?" wheezed Mrs. Wixon, looking apprehensively about the room.

There was no answer, and Mrs. Wixon lurched into her chair, leaving the floor to Cornelia Rowland.

The latter faced the assembled women. There was an obstinate line about her pleasant mouth, and her soft eyes wore a look of new determination. She fanned herself with a black silk fan for a few moments before she began, and then she closed it with a little click.

"I am a member of the Give It Up society," she said earnestly. "I can recite all the rules forward and backward, and I've lived up to all of 'em forward and backward. I ain't never broke a rule."

There was a gasp of horror from the women.

"I ain't never broke a rule," repeated Cornelia energetically. "Now, the Give It Up society was formed for the purpose of paying for the new organ. Nobody asked the ladies of the church to give up wearing any respectable clothes and going around looking like ragpickers' wives in order that the First M. E. church should have a new organ." Cornelia fixed an accusing eye upon Mrs. Wixon's startled countenance. "That organ could have been paid for if it was needed in the regular way by fairs and suppers and the like. But no; somebody with the idea of getting a martyr's crown organized this society, with the result that Upper Village has got the reputation of having the shabbiest looking lot of women in Suffolk county."

There was a shrinking of feet under chairs and a concealing of worn sleeves.

"I want to know if the members of the choir belong to this society?"

"No," piped Mrs. Peters, with a newly awakened sense of injury. "Catch them fine ladies a-wearing any old clothes for the Lord's sake!"

"I don't believe in churches a-buying organs and things they can't afford. When they can raise the money for a new organ or such without throwing the whole congregation into the poorhouse, it's time to have it. In the meantime the Lord will harken to the old melodeon until the church can afford an organ. But the Methodist church has bought the organ. The choir wanted it, and the minister wanted it, and the congregation wanted it, and now they've got it, and we're working hand and foot and eyelash a-trying to pay for it!" Cornelia's voice took on a dramatic quality, and the women listened eagerly.

"We said we'd pay for it, and we will do what we promised, and I say to all of you that while you're wearing these terrible old garments you might as well be clean and tidy about it and"—

"But that ain't explaining about the pink geraniums in your hat," interrupted Luella Barton sourly.

"That's so. If you ladies will follow me to my house I will explain about the pink flowers," replied Cornelia amiably.

There was some protest at this sudden adjournment of the meeting, but presently they all trailed down the road toward the small brown house where Cornelia Rowland lived by herself. Cornelia led the way with head erect and white skirts billowing in the breeze.

She led the way into the house and through the hall to the sunny sitting room. When they were all inside she left the room and returned with a small black bonnet in her hand.

"This is the bonnet," she said dryly, "that has caused all the trouble."

"Yes, yes, but you've taken the flowers off, Cornelia Rowland!" cried old Mrs. Beers fiercely.

"Look here," said Cornelia, turning to the widow. "This is where I get the flowers for my bonnet every Sunday, and they're a mite sweeter than any you can buy."

She indicated a large potted geranium, which was covered with great pink, spicy blossoms.

There was a dead silence while the women stared first at Cornelia, then at the geranium and finally at the bonnet.

"I want to know!" ejaculated Mrs. Peters admiringly. "I guess I can do that myself and have a new flower every Sunday."

"I know you are all looking at my white dress," continued Cornelia pleasantly, "but if you'll look at it closely you will see it is made from the white muslin curtains that used to hang in my best bedroom. I had plenty of curtains, but no dress, and so I used them for that." She smoothed down the crisp folds thoughtfully and then looked at her guests with a bright smile.

"THERE'S A MITE SWEETER THAN YOU CAN BUT."

"And now, ladies, you will see that in wearing the pink flowers in my bonnet I was not breaking a rule of the society."

"That's so," they agreed heartily, casting accusing glances at the unhappy president.

"And I want you all to stay and have tea with me," continued Cornelia, "and we'll plan an entertainment so's to pay off the church debt this summer. Then we can all have something decent to wear next winter."

So the members of the Give It Up society of the Methodist church sat down amicably together and ate of the delicious cooking of Cornelia Rowland, while the pink geranium graced the center of the table and shed beauty and perfume over all.

What They Ate.

Tobias Smollett wrote his "Humphrey Clinker" in 1771, the last year of his life, giving therein a spirited account of the society and customs then prevailing in London town. He exposed the iniquities practiced by the purveyors of provisions at that time. Oysters were "bloated", and "floated" then as now; veal was whitened by repeated bleedings of the live animal; greens were boiled with brass half pence to improve the color; the wine in common use was a "pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn spirit and the juice of sloes," and other revelations not suited to refection in this polite age indicated that almost every article of diet was profitably "treated" before it reached the ultimate consumer. That "bleached" flour is no new commodity was also shown, while Smollett's added comment furnishes excellent food for reflection:

"The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration, but they prefer it to wholesome bread because it is whiter than the meal of corn."—Washington Post.

Fires and Insurance.

The agent of a well known insurance company stood on the fringe of the crowd watching the firemen retiring from the scene of a small blaze in an uptown duthouse.

"I'll do business tomorrow morning," said he grimly, "and most of it will be with women who have forgotten their insurance has run out. There's nothing like a blaze on the block to set thoughts in the direction of insurance. Last week a woman was waiting for me when I opened my office. Her husband had given her money to take out insurance weeks before, and she had spent it for a new hat. The night before a fire had broken out on the second flat above theirs, and, believe me, that woman must have suffered tortures until the fate of the house was settled. She paid the premium in small change, which I believe she took from a child's bank, rather than confess her neglect to her husband."—New York World.

The Poor.

We all love the poor. It would be entirely unnecessary, if not positively caddish, to say that we hate the poor. But there are two kinds of poor—the individual poor and the collective poor. It is not the individual poor that we love; it is the collective poor. It is not the poor that we know and see, but the poor that we do not know and have neither time nor inclination to look at. We are afraid if we see them we shall cease to love them. We never say, "God bless the iceman, or the coal heaver, or the motorman." For them we find our execrations for not contributing to our comfort just so and so and so.

It is with great fervor, however, that we can say, "God bless the poor," because the poor do not interfere with our comfort to the slightest degree.—Life.

Fielding at Lisbon.

Lisbon contains the grave of Henry Fielding. It was on Oct. 4, 1754, that Fielding died in the Portuguese capital, and it was in 1830 that his tomb was erected in the English cemetery. And Fielding didn't like Lisbon. "As the houses, convents, churches, etc., are large," he wrote, "and all built with white stone, they look beautiful at a distance, but as you approach nearer and find them to want every kind of ornament all idea of beauty vanishes at once." At that time a voyage to Lisbon was an undertaking not lightly—to be contemplated. It took Fielding exactly fifty days of foul weather.—St. James' Gazette.

"Do as Rome Does."

The saying "Do as Rome does" originated with St. Ambrose in the fourth century. It arose from a diversity of the observance of Saturday. The Milanese made it a feast, the Romans a fast. St. Ambrose, being asked what should be done in such a case, replied: "In matters of little consequence it is better to be guided by the general usage. When I am at Milan I do not fast on Saturday, but when I am at Rome I do as they do in Rome."

Shot at Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare was a smart man," said Si Slimlin, "but there was times when he didn't hit it right."

"For instance?"

"That remark about 'rather bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.' If that was the case there wouldn't be no boss trades."—Washington Star.

Accomplished.

First Passenger—That is Conductor Punchem. He is one of the most experienced men on the road. Second Passenger—I knew it before you told me. First Passenger—How so? Second Passenger—Because he slams the door at the precise instant that he calls the station's name.—Judge.

One Better.

First Suburbanite—We've got a baby grand in our house. Second Ditto—We can go you one better. We've got a grand baby in ours.—Baltimore American.

Promoted.

"They're beginning to put on airs."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; their washwoman is now a laundress."—Detroit Free Press.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

TULIP MADNESS.

The Craze That Raged in Holland in the Last Century.

During the tulip craze in Holland in the last century in one year the sales aggregated 10,000,000 florins. Holland went tulip mad. The bulbs were quoted on the Stock Exchange. Ownership in them was divided into shares. Speculators sold them short. At one time more tulips were sold than existed. A Lille a brewer sold his trade and good will in exchange for a bulb, which was thereafter known as the Brewery tulip. In Amsterdam a father gave one by way of dower with his child. Thereafter the variety was known as the Marriage of My Daughter. At Rotterdam a hungry sailor, happening on a few, mistook them for onions and ate them. The repast became as famous as Cleopatra's pearls and probably exceeded it in cost. At The Hague a poor fellow managed to raise a black tulip. The rumor of that vegetable marvel spread. Presently he was visited by a deputation from a syndicate. For that ewe lamb of his the deputation offered 1,000 florins, which he refused. He was offered 10,000 florins. Still he refused. Cascades of gold were poured before his resisting eyes. Finally, tormented and tempted, he succumbed. There and then the deputation trampled that tulip under their feet. Afterward it appeared that the syndicate had already grown a gem precisely similar and, unable to bear the idea that a rival existed, had authorized the deputation if needful to offer ten times the amount which it paid.

PICKED AN ODD NAME.

An Author's Long Search and a Subsequent Surprise.

When Albion W. Tourgee wrote "A Fool's Errand" he named one of his leading characters Theron Pardee. An early copy of the book fell into the hands of the Rev. Luther Pardee, an Episcopal clergyman of Chicago, whose father was named Theron Pardee. The name is such an unusual combination that in amazement the rector showed the book to his father, and they were both puzzled by the coincidence. They decided to write Judge Tourgee and ask him what had led him to use the name. He replied in equal amazement that he had not supposed there was such a man living as a Theron Pardee. Then he stated that he had a prolonged search for a suitable name for the character of his story—one that would express just what he imagined this character to be. In the course of the hunt an old copy of the curriculum of Union college had fallen into his hands. It was dated 1825, or something as far back, and among the names of the students was one Theron Pardee. The judge said it had impressed him as being one of the richest, most solid and most satisfying names he ever had heard, so he decided to adopt it for his character. The curriculum was so old that he had no hesitation in using the name, and he was astonished to learn that the rightful owner of it was living. His explanation was accepted and the resulting acquaintance was pleasing all around.—New York Press.

The Arab Plowman.

To see an Arab, steering a yoke of oxen, one hand pressed upon the single stem of the plow and the other holding the long, slim goad, is to see a living illustration of how Elisha looked and moved when Elijah found him plowing and cast his cloak upon him in significant symbolism of his destiny. It has often been remarked that, while imperishable relics of Roman stonework abound in northern Africa in the form of bridges, aqueducts and so forth, the impress left on the people themselves by the greatest civilizing power that ever existed is extraordinarily slight. Only in some such insignificant details as the names of the months in the Kabyle dialect is the stamp of Rome still visible, and in the system of hiring labor in the Tell there survives a custom belonging to the early days of the Roman republic.—Wide World Magazine.

Ancient Spectacle Makers.

The ancient Guild of Spectacle Makers is numerically one of the strongest London companies. Its charter dates from the year 1629 and, though the exact date of its origin is lost, there is ample evidence that the calling of spectacle maker was extensively followed at a very early date. An old book of 1563 mentions the spectacle makers among other traders, and the biography of Carlo Zeno, an illustrious Venetian, who died in 1418, mentions that even at the age of eighty-four he needed no artificial aids to his sight. So presumably spectacles were common in Italy five centuries ago.—London Telegraph.

Different Altogether.

Visitor (consolingly to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet)—Tut, my boy, there is no use crying over spilt milk.

Tommy—Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is call in the cat and she'll lick it up. But this don't happen to be milk, an' mamma will do the lickin'.

An Account to Settle.

The Lawyer—Madam, I find that your husband's will leaves you nothing but that the law compelled him to ... you. The Widow (angry and forgetful)—Just wait till I see him!

An Example.

Knicker—They say that in 3,000 years Niagara will stop flowing. Mrs. Knicker—That makes me hope the plumber will get our leak fixed yet.—Harper's Bazar.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Shota.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secty of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
[illegible]
President Judge—Joseph W. Heyton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Ulysses.
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. M. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. F. Marsh, Smethport.
Recorder—E. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isbengrud, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; W. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Lewis, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Corydon.
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District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. E. Silver, Secretary; J. W. Wade, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sands.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
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Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 286, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 399, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatry degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
J. W. PICKERSGILL, S.
L. E. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGarvey, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Thrasher, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Ann Appleby's Parlor

Her Sacrifice Brought Its Reward

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The minister passed a long white hand over his bald head and looked unhappily around the darkened interior of Miss Appleby's parlor.

The minister shifted his feet uneasily and looked across the room at Miss Appleby's face, which seemed merely a confused blur in the gloom. He was a youngish man, rather diffident in manner, but brave to recklessness in dealing with the problems offered by the stiff necked, rockbound members of his little flock. Then he said:

"Nevertheless I must adhere to my opinion that it is your duty to offer a home to your cousin. Suppose you had lost your house and its contents by fire and the exposure to weather had brought on an attack of rheumatism which rendered you helpless. Would you want to be cared for by kind neighbors when a relative—by the grace of God, Miss Appleby—had a roof over her head?"

"Mr. James, you know my house is filled up with summer boarders," said Ann Appleby in a strained voice.

"Every room?"

"Yes," said Ann firmly. "I'm sleeping in the clothespress myself."

"Can't you let one of your boarders go?"

"I can't spare the money."

"Then let your cousin have this room—you do not use it," ventured Mr. James boldly.

For a moment there was a silence fraught with horror; then Ann spoke:

"This room! Why, this is my parlor!"

The minister arose, and his tall form loomed near the ceiling of the room.

"It's not your parlor, Miss Appleby; it's God's parlor, and it is his command that you prepare it for the occupancy of his handmaiden, Sarah Drew. I am going to your cousin now. Shall I tell her you have prepared a room for her and that she will be welcome?"

"Yes," said Ann Appleby grimly.

The rest of the afternoon Miss Appleby moved slowly about the parlor, with reluctant feet, pushing the furniture into stiff rows against the walls, unfolding the slippery sofa into a springy couch, fresh with linen from some secret closet where homespun treasures were hidden in lavender.

Perhaps no one could quite estimate the mental anguish that was occasioned by these preparations. It was a violation of Ann's most sacred traditions that the Appleby house should be without a best room. About this gloomy apartment were centered recollections of joy and grief. Weddings and funerals and the minister's presence at a ceremonial tea were the only events that marked the opening of the parlor. The boarders had the use of the large sitting room across the hall, and even as a brief respite from the stress of a long day's work Ann would not have dreamed of withdrawing into the parlor's prim seclusion.

And now it must be opened for the coming of Sarah Drew! It was to be used as a sleeping room by an invalid. Sarah's medicine bottles would cumber the mantelpiece, and lint from the bedclothes would fleck the cherished carpet. But Ann found a certain savage pleasure in leaving untouched the pictures and ornaments about the room. Sarah Drew might occupy this room, but she would always uncomfortably feel that she was violating the almost sacred precincts of her cousin's home. It must always be a parlor, and the occupant would be proportionately uncomfortable, for Little River folk were not given to desecrating family altars.

When Sarah Drew hobbled into the room the next day her mild eyes opened wide with amazement.

"You're never going to put me in here, Ann!" she gasped.

"Why not?" queried Ann grimly, twitching the washstand well into view and rattling the china bowl and pitcher. "I guess you'll find everything pretty comfortable, Sarah. If you don't just ring this here bell and Emeline will wait on you."

"But I can't sleep here, Ann," quavered her cousin tremulously. "Why, it's your best room. I never slept in anybody's best room."

"No more did I," returned Ann rather tartly. "But 'tisn't my room. Mr. James says it belongs to the Lord, so you see it's no credit to me that you're occupying it."

"Oh, did Mr. James say that before you would invite me? I'm dreadful sorry, Ann. I wish I didn't have to come; but, you see, the house burned all down, and I didn't have a stick left, and so I came to Little River to stay with Mrs. Bell, and now all the children are down with the measles, and there wasn't any place to go but here. I ain't got nothing till I collect my insurance money. I'll pay you"—

Ann pushed her into a chair and removed the straight brimmed hat that settled unbecomingly over Sarah's nose.

"Pay nothing!" she snorted contemptuously. "If I seem ungracious Sarah Drew, you can lay it all to the fact that I never could find the cancelled mortgage note on the place after Uncle Abel died. Your place was left free and clear, and I've had to pay Josiah Leeds $150 dollars a year interest, and I'm wore to skin and bone taking a pack of city people to board. Now, don't say a word. I'll send Emeline with your supper, and afterwards, when all these critters is fed, I'll come and set with you."

In the parlor, where the late afternoon sunshine poured through the unshuttered windows, Sarah Drew sat in wretched silence, while Emeline padded heavily to and fro, arranging a supper on the marble topped table. She moved the glass bell and the shell basket to one end of the table and spread a damask cloth. On it she placed a dish of creamed toast, fresh berries from the garden, ginger cookies and tea.

When Emeline had departed Sarah came to the table and tried to eat, but the coldness of the marble seemed to strike through the damask cloth and chill her rheumatic limbs to the bone. As she sipped the tea from one of Ann Appleby's fine china cups her mild eyes evaded the glances of the stern visaged family portraits. To her nervously wrought fancy these ancestors glowered in angry disapproval of one who was thus shattering all the Appleby traditions at one stroke.

"We wouldn't eat in the parlor," they seemed to mutter at her.

"I don't want to eat here, and I know I can't sleep here!" cried Sarah Drew desperately, pushing her teacup violently away from her. And then she gasped in terror, for the cup struck forcibly against the glass bell and shoved it over the edge of the table, where it fell crashing to the floor, bearing the delicate shell basket to utter ruin.

The noise brought Ann Appleby to the door. Her face grew white with anger as she understood what had happened, and the anger was not appeased at the sudden realization that this long cherished parlor had ceased to be. The sofa bed and the washstand with its toilet articles, the dresser shoved awkwardly in a crowded corner—all of these things intruding on her fine carpet seemed to degrade the other furnishings to a lower level. It was not a parlor; it was not a bedroom. To Ann Appleby's orderly mind it was chaos.

"What is the matter?" asked Ann in a strange voice.

Sarah Drew turned a frightened face toward her cousin and then shrank into a dejected heap over the disordered table. Some of the cream from the toast slopped over and dripped to the carpet, making a little white pool in the heart of a great blue rose.

"I can't eat in a parlor!" wailed Sarah mournfully. "I never did such a thing, and I know I shall never have a mite of sleep here! I feel like I was putting you out, Ann. If I didn't have to see all your best things—and I've broken your shell basket, Ann!"

"I see it," said Ann dully.

"When I get my insurance money I can pay you back again, only I don't believe you can get another shell basket like that. I know you was choice of it," mourned Sarah, stubbing herself with these pointed facts.

"Father brought it from the West Indies," rejoined Ann. "It had associations."

Sarah Drew struggled to her feet and went to the sofa bed, where her hat and cape were primly laid. "I guess I better not stay any longer, Ann."

"Where are you going, Sarah Drew?" demanded Ann tersely.

"Maybe to the hotel," faltered Sarah. "Have you got any money?"

"It was all in the house, and it went, too, but there is a hotel where I can stay," retorted Sarah, with sudden spirit. "The town provides for them that—"

Like a whirlwind Ann Appleby swept into the room and denuded Sarah's head of the unbecoming hat, stripped off the cape, threw a blanket over the slippery surface of the biggest horsehair chair and backed her cousin unceremoniously into its depths.

"I left this room be like a parlor because I wanted you to feel uncomfortable, Sarah Drew! I'm a mean woman, but the kindness seems to be all worked out of me—I'm that tired. Now, you sleep here tonight, and tomorrow we'll clear everything out and turn this into a bedroom. It's the sunniest room in the house, and you can have a fire on the hearth when it's chilly. I guess you'll soon get over your rheumatiz. I won't hear another word, Sarah Drew. I guess one thing's the matter with me is I'm lonesome for some real kin to boss and scold at. You'll do first rate. You can stay here for good if you want to."

Ann leaned over and kissed Sarah Drew on the top of her thin brown hair, and she was quite as surprised at the act as Sarah herself. Then she dashed from the room and returned with brush and dustpan. "I'll just sweep up this glass," she said apologetically. "I was getting awfully tired of that shell basket, Sarah. Oh!"

"What is it?" asked Sarah eagerly.

Ann arose and came around the table with a crumpled strip of paper in her hand. Her voice trembled. "See what you did for me, Sarah Drew, when you broke the basket. It's the receipt Uncle Abel got from Leeds when he paid off the note. It was stuck inside the little basket. Now I can get back the $2,000 interest I paid that old skinflint!"

"Why do you suppose Uncle Abel put it there?" quavered Sarah Drew excitedly. "It's like a miracle somehow."

"It's one of those things that's always happening to teach lessons. I've learned mine," smiled Ann.

"I'm sorry about the carpet," Sarah was beginning when her cousin hushed her with a gesture.

"I'm glad. If I turned this parlor to some good use before, don't you see, this might have happened. Let's go out and have some clam fritters. Are you able to come to the dining room?"

"I guess I be!" exclaimed Sarah Drew almost hilariously.

REFRIGERATOR CARS.

Evolution of the Idea of "an Icebox on Wheels."

The refrigerator car was never invented, but just "fixed up." It was the idea of a New England railway man who needed some such thing as far back as 1851.

In June of that year the first refrigerator car is said to have made its trip from Ogdensburg, N. Y., to Boston. The car owed its origin principally to the fact that the farmers near Ogdensburg, who made a great deal of butter, were unable to ship it except in cold weather.

A railroad man named Wilder, at that time in charge of the through freight, thought it would be a good idea to rig up "an icebox on wheels," and he told this to the president of the road, who gave orders that the master mechanic should plan several of them.

At this time farmers were receiving only 12 cents a pound for their butter. The iced car was loaded with eight tons of it, sent through and allowed to stand in Boston till the product was sold. It brought 17 cents a pound after paying all expenses and commissions, and the plan was voted a success. In a short time the road had a regular service on, using a number of cars, and the idea spread rapidly.

Wilder did not patent his idea, but allowed it to be used by whoever so desired.—St. Louis Republic.

ODD VOLUMES.

They Are Members of a Unique Dining Club in London.

One of the most unique dining clubs in London is that known as the Sette of Odd Volumes, which was founded in 1878 and meets once a month from October to June. It consists of twenty-one volumes, or members, that being the number of the volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare published in 1821. There are also twenty-one supplementary members, who succeed to full membership as vacancies occur. The twenty-one rules of the club include the following:

Any Odd Volume losing his temper and failing to recover it shall be fined by the president the sum of 5 shillings.

Discussions about anthropology, religion and politics shall be put down by the president.

Any Odd Volume giving to another Odd Volume unasked advice shall be fined by the president.

No Odd Volume shall talk unasked on any subject he understands.

No Odd Volume's speech shall last longer than three minutes. If, however, the inspired Odd Volume has any more to say he may proceed until his voice is drowned in the general applause.

Volumes have to address each other as "Your Oddship."—Argonaut.

The Major's Tip.

When Major Banks was the best known figure around the race tracks of Cincinnati and the middle west he was extremely generous in tipping off his friends to "sure winners." One man who enjoyed his confidence and played the horses according to the major's advice lost all his ready money and finally succeeded in reducing himself to the point where he had to sell out his grocery business.

One afternoon, following the placing of his last ten dollar note as the tailor advised, he caught Banks by the arm and said tragically:

"Major, you've made me lose my last cent. I'm a pauper, and my wife and family are practically starving. I am now about to go down to the river and drown myself. It's all over for me."

"All right," answered Banks, "but in the event you change your mind meet me here at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I think I'll have something good for you."—Exchange.

Kongo Tattooing.

In the Kongo colonies of Belgium both men and women are tattooed according to their status in society. A woman of high caste will have a design not unlike a zouave jacket worked upon her back, and it would seem that the native is as content with this mode of covering as if it were a substitute for clothing. By injecting the juice of certain herbs the scars left by the tattooing process retain a swollen appearance, giving the effect of bas-relief work. The thorns of the acacia are generally used as a needle, while a certain black clay is used as a coloring medium.

Classified.

Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied:

"Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is he'd make a first class stranger."—Exchange.

Frigid.

Nell—That Miss Coolelgh is an awfully cold sort of girl. Belle—Mercy, yes. Why, she's so frigid that wherever she goes on rainy days it shows.—Boston Transcript.

Irish Wit.

"I never give alms to a stranger," said old Shyster to a poor Irishwoman.

"Shure, then, your honor will never relieve an angel," was the reply.—Judge.

Condemned Unheard.

From a notice in a Cornish church: "The preacher for next Sunday will be found hanging in the church porch on Saturday."—London Punch.

Cleanse the fountain if you would purify the streams.—Alcott.

This remarkable story tells of a man who solved the riddle of the birds and learned to fly as they do.

Hidden in the Polar Regions

He has scores of thrilling adventures that are all related in a truly fascinating manner.

Does the conquest of the air thrill you?
Do the perils of the Arctic wastes fascinate you?
Does a charming girl fire your heart?
Does a virile man's victory over terrific odds inspire you?
Does a tale of deep woven mystery hold you spellbound?

Then don't miss THE SKY-MAN, by H. K. Webster, which will appear serially in this paper. It is such a treat as comes only once in years.

Watch for the Opening Installment

ARTISTS' EMBLEMS.

In Whistler's Butterfly Could Be Found the Monogram J. W.

The mystic emblem or device of a sort of Whistlerized butterfly was adopted in the sixties by the eccentric genius James Abbott Whistler, who changed his name later to James McNeill Whistler.

Close study will reveal that this peculiar scroll is really a monogram of J. W. The earliest of the etchings to bear the butterfly is "Chelsea Wharf" (1863), but many paintings and etchings after that date are signed "Whistler."

Artists have sometimes signed their pictures in some distinct form instead of their names. It generally was done when the name might suggest some emblem or symbol.

Thus Hieronymus Cock demarked two fighting cocks on his panels; Mariotto Albertinelli signed a cross with two interlaced rings, referring to the sacerdotal duties to which at one time of his life he devoted himself; Martin Rota, a wheel; Pieter de Ryng, a ring with a diamond; Giovanni Bossi, a bone; Del Mazo Martinez, a hammer; Lionello Spada, a sword.

Sometimes caprice dictated the selection, as when Jacopo de Barbari used the caduceus of Mercury for Hendrik de Bles an owl, Lucas Cranach a crowned serpent, Cornelius Engelbrechtsen a peculiar device resembling a weather vane and Hans Holbein a skull.

HIS GREAT IDEA.

The Tin Plated Tomato and the Moral That Goes With It.

A good theory that won't work isn't half as good as a poor one that will.

Twenty years ago a young man just out of college had a great idea. He was going to tin plate tomatoes. There was to be no more troublesome parring and cooking and canning to preserve tomatoes throughout winters. It would be necessary only to drop a nice ripe tomato into his tinning solution and it would come out coated with tin and would keep for twenty years. In fact, there wasn't any reason why it should not keep forever. The young inventor figured it would cost him 50 cents a gallon to make this tinning solution. It surely would sell for $2 a gallon. Every one eats tomatoes—that is, nearly every one. Everybody would eat them if they could always have a nice tin plated tomato lying around. He ought to sell a million gallons a year. That would be a profit of a million and a half dollars. Well, no tin plated tomatoes are on the market yet, and the man who invented them is still making only $15 a week.

The moral of this is that whenever you hear of a great idea that is going to reform or uplift the world, make sure that it is not of the tin plated tomato brand.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lottery Romance.

A few years ago, as the date for the drawing of the annual Christmas lottery at Madrid was approaching, a poor mechanic of Coruna was awakened three consecutive nights by the number 125,800, apparently spoken in his ear. So impressed was he by the repetition of the incident that he wrote down the number and jocularly said to his wife, "That number will win the first prize in the great lottery." "Then why don't you buy the ticket?" his wife answered jokingly as she looked at the figures. "Why, see, if you add them together they just come to my age. I shall be thirty-one on Christmas day." The ticket, after much trouble, was found (it had been rejected a few minutes earlier by a wealthy citizen of Coruna) and bought, and before many days had passed the mechanic and his wife were made jubilant by the news that the ticket had won the first prize of £200,000.—London Globe.

The Red Shirt.

The origin of the "red shirt"—was a blouse by English women in sixties, when Garibaldi was a popular idol throughout Great Britain—is sufficiently curious. When the celebrated filibuster was warring in the South American republics he was anxious to obtain a distinctive and, above all, economical uniform for his followers. He learned that a local dry goods store had an immense "job lot" of these garments, worn by the "saladeros," or cattle slaughterers, of the great South American cities. The "bargain sale" appealed eloquently to the leader's purse, and he led his men to victory in the butchers' shirts, which are now the accepted emblem of the "risorgomiento" of United Italy.—London Globe.

A Little Temperance Tragedy.

"Don't drink any more, John. You got too much already."

"No; I haven't."

"Yes, you have, and you'll be drunk again."

"Aw, what do you want to worry about that for? It's me that has the headache next morning."

"I know, John, but it's me that has the heartache all the time."—New York Times.

The Price of Love.

Says an advertisement in the London Express: "Mary—Waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell. Potts."

...Sheriff's Sales.

BY VIRTUE OF sundry writs of Fieri Facias, issued from Fieri Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued from Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias and Alias Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1910,

at one o'clock p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the North line of Hilton Street at a point where a continuation of the West line of Johnson Street would intersect said Hilton Street; Thence North fifty (50) feet more or less to the line of the right of way of N. Y. L. E. & W. Rail Road Company, thence west along the line of said right of way thirty (30) feet to a post; thence South by line at right angles with Hilton Street fifty (50) feet to a post in the Northerly line of said Street thence East along said street thirty (30) feet to the place of beginning. Subject however to all the terms and conditions in lease heretofore made for oil and gas purposes. Excepting and reserving all oil or mineral in on or under the above described lands. The above described lands being known as lot No. 202 & part of lot No. 233 according to survey of L. Gerton and as by him mapped and staked out and the same land conveyed to first parties by Emma L. Rhodes & husband by deed dated Oct. 24th, 90, and recorded in Deed Book 85 page 297 etc.

Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George E. Jones and E. E. Ellison, Terre Tenant, at suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon, Assignee of Louis Marck.

James P. Ryan, Plaintiff's Atty.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at a point in the west side of Hilton Street seventy-five (75) feet northerly from the point where a continuance of the Northerly line of Johnson Street will intersect said west line of Hilton Street; thence Northerly along the west side of Hilton Street forty five (45) feet; thence at right angles to Hilton Street fifty (50) feet to the right of way of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. Company; thence southerly along said right of way forty five feet; thence easterly fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning being five feet off of the northern side of lot No. 229, all of lot No. 230 and the southern fifteen (15) feet of lot 225 of Hilton addition to the City of Bradford as surveyed, staked and mapped out by L. Gorton surveyor November 1878, said being the same land which was conveyed to said R. E. Ellison by A. J. Edett and his wife by two certain deeds, one dated June 12, 1889 and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County Deed Book Vol. 49 page 529, and the other dated September 19, 1892 and recorded in the Recorder's Office of said County Deed Book Vol. 53 Page 328.

Improved and having thereon erected one story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of R. E. Ellison at suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

James P. Ryan, Plaintiff's Atty.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Keating township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded as follows: Beginning at a post the West line of the Ormsby farm, at south side of the highway leading from Smethport to Alton; thence North twenty-eight (28) degrees East eighty (80) rods to a post; being the northwest corner of lot No. 14, of "Ormsby village survey"; thence South twenty-two (22) degrees East [illegible] rods to a post; thence South Three (3) degrees West seventy-eight (78) rods to a post corner; thence North eighty-seven (87) degrees West eighty-one and one-half (81½) rods to a post corner; thence North three degrees East fifty-eight (58) rods to place of beginning, containing thirty (30) and 65-100 Acres of land, more or less and part of Warrant 2351 and 2290, & part of lot No. 151, Bingham survey. Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, 1 barn, and other out buildings. 7 producing oil wells. Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Fronie A. Reel at suit of D. C. Young.

Sheridan Gorton, Plaintiff's Atty.

4.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels and lots of land situate in the township of Wetmore and the borough of Kane, in the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known and designated on a certain map thereof, prepared by H. H. Lyon and Son, and recorded in Recorder's office of said McKean county in Deed Book 120, at page 552, as Numbers three, four, five, eight, nine, ten, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one hundred one, one hundred two, one hundred three, one hundred four, one hundred five, one hundred six, one hundred seven, one hundred eight, one hundred nine, one hundred ten, one hundred eleven, one hundred twelve, one hundred fifteen, one hundred sixteen, one hundred seventeen, one hundred eighteen, one hundred nineteen, one hundred twenty, one hundred twenty-one, one hundred twenty-two, one hundred twenty-three, one hundred twenty-four, one hundred twenty-five, one hundred twenty-six, one hundred twenty-seven, one hundred twenty-nine, one hundred thirty, one hundred thirty-one, one hundred thirty-two, one hundred thirty-three, one hundred thirty-four, one hundred thirty-five, one hundred thirty-six, one hundred thirty-seven, one hundred thirty-eight, one hundred thirty-nine, one hundred forty, one hundred forty-one, one hundred forty-two, one hundred forty-four, one hundred forty-five, one hundred forty-six, one hundred forty-seven, one hundred forty-eight, one hundred forty-nine, one hundred fifty, one hundred fifty-one, one hundred fifty-two, one hundred fifty-three, one hundred fifty-four, one hundred fifty-five, one hundred fifty-six, one hundred fifty-seven, one hundred fifty-eight, one hundred sixty, one hundred sixty-two, one hundred sixty-three, one hundred sixty-five, one hundred sixty-six, one hundred sixty-seven, one hundred sixty-eight, one hundred sixty-nine, one hundred seventy, one hundred seventy-one, one hundred seventy-two, one hundred seventy-three, one hundred seventy-four, one hundred seventy-five, one hundred seventy-six, one hundred seventy-seven, one hundred seventy-eight, one hundred seventy-nine, one hundred eighty, one hundred eighty-one, one hundred eighty-two, one hundred eighty-three, one hundred eighty-four, one hundred eighty-five, one hundred eighty-six, one hundred eighty-seven, one hundred eighty-eight, one hundred eighty-nine, one hundred ninety, one hundred ninety-one, one hundred ninety-two, one hundred ninety-three, one hundred ninety-four, one hundred ninety-five, one hundred ninety-six, one hundred ninety-seven, one hundred ninety-eight, one hundred ninety-nine, two hundred one, two hundred two, two hundred three, two hundred four, two hundred five, two hundred six, two hundred seven, two hundred eight, two hundred nine, two hundred ten, two hundred sixteen, two hundred seventeen, two hundred eighteen, two hundred nineteen, two hundred twenty, two hundred twenty-one, two hundred twenty-two, two hundred twenty-four, two hundred twenty-five, two hundred twenty-six, two hundred twenty-seven, two hundred [illegible] two hundred twenty-one, two hundred thirty, two hundred thirty-two, two hundred thirty-three, two hundred thirty-four, two hundred thirty-five, two hundred thirty-six, two hundred thirty-seven, two hundred thirty-eight, two hundred thirty-nine, two hundred forty, two hundred forty-one, two hundred forty-two, two hundred forty-three, two hundred forty-four, two hundred forty-five, two hundred forty-six, two hundred forty-seven, two hundred forty-eight, two hundred forty-nine, two hundred fifty, two hundred fifty-one, two hundred fifty-two, two hundred fifty-three, two hundred fifty-four, two hundred fifty-five, two hundred fifty-six, two hundred fifty-seven, two hundred fifty-eight, two hundred fifty-nine, two hundred sixty, two hundred sixty-one, two hundred sixty-two, two hundred sixty-three, two hundred sixty-four, two hundred sixty-five, two hundred sixty-six, two hundred sixty-seven, two hundred sixty-eight, two hundred sixty-nine, two hundred seventy, two hundred seventy-one, two hundred seventy-two, two hundred seventy-three, two hundred seventy-four, two hundred seventy-five, two hundred seventy-six, two hundred seventy-seven, two hundred seventy-eight, two hundred seventy-nine, two hundred eighty, two hundred eighty-one, two hundred eighty-two, two hundred eighty-three, two hundred eighty-four, two hundred eighty-five, two hundred eighty-six, two hundred eighty-seven, two hundred eighty-eight, two hundred eighty-nine, two hundred ninety, two hundred ninety-one, two hundred ninety-two, two hundred ninety-three, two hundred ninety-four, two hundred ninety-five, two hundred ninety-six, two hundred ninety-seven, two hundred ninety-eight, two hundred ninety-nine, three hundred, three hundred one, three hundred two, three hundred three, three hundred four, three hundred five, three hundred six, three hundred seven, three hundred eight, three hundred nine, three hundred ten, three hundred eleven, three hundred twelve, three hundred thirteen, three hundred fourteen, three hundred fifteen, three hundred sixteen, three hundred seventeen, three hundred eighteen, three hundred twenty, three hundred twenty-one, three hundred twenty-two, three hundred twenty-three, three hundred twenty-four, three hundred twenty-five, three hundred twenty-six, three hundred twenty-seven, three hundred twenty-eight, three hundred twenty-nine, three hundred thirty, three hundred thirty-one, three hundred thirty-two, three hundred thirty-three, three hundred thirty-four, three hundred thirty-five, three hundred thirty-six, three hundred thirty-seven, three hundred thirty-eight, seventy-five, three hundred fifteen and three hundred sixteen, except portion of said last two mentioned lots heretofore sold to Kane Cutlery Company. Platted, and having thereon erected fifteen two-story frame dwelling houses.

And also all those certain pieces, parcels or lots of land situate in sub-division No. 302, Warrant No. 2290, in the township of Wetmore, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: First, Blocks Nos. 19 and 21,—Beginning at a post in the west line of Kane Window Glass Company's land, being also the east line of Smithfield avenue (said post being five hundred fifty feet north of the southwest corner of said Kane Window Glass Company's land); thence north, along the east line of said Smithfield avenue, a distance of four hundred ninety-four and one-tenth feet to the south line of the Ryan lot; thence along said Ryan lot west nine hundred two feet to a post in said line, marking the northwest corner of a supposed street; thence along the west line of said proposed street south five hundred five and seven-tenths feet to a post, being the southwest corner of Block No. 21; thence along the north line of a supposed street east a distance of nine hundred two feet to a post, the place of beginning. Containing ten and one-half acres of land, more or less. Second, Part of Block No. 28.—Beginning at a point in the west line of Block No. 21, two hundred forty feet north from the southwest corner of said Block No. 21; thence along said Block No. 21 south two hundred ninety feet; crossing a fifty foot space for a street, to a corner, being the northwest corner of Block No. 20; thence west, crossing said supposed street, and along the north line of Block No. 25, a distance of two hundred fifty-five feet to a point in the north line of Block No. 25; thence along a line curving to the right with a radius of eight hundred nineteen and four hundred seventy-eight and three-tenths feet in a northeastwardly direction, a distance of four hundred feet to a point, the place of beginning. Containing one acre of land, more or less. Third, Block No. 25.—Beginning at a post in the north line of Oak street four hundred twenty-six feet west from the southeast corner of Block No. 25; thence north parallel to Smithfield avenue, a distance of five hundred feet to the south line of a proposed street; thence west, along said proposed street (twenty-five feet from the center line thereof) a distance of four hundred fifty-one feet to a post; thence south, parallel to said Smithfield avenue, a distance of five hundred feet to a post in the north line of Oak street; thence east, along the north line of said Oak street, (twenty-five feet from the center line thereof), a distance of four hundred fifty-one feet to the place of beginning. Containing five and eighteen one hundredths acres of land, more or less. Fourth, Part of Block No. 24.—Beginning at a point in the south line of Block No. 25 one hundred fourteen feet east from the southwest corner of Block No. 25; thence on a course S. 16 degrees 30 minutes W. crossing the west boundary [illegible] of Block No. 25, at a distance of three hundred seventy-five feet, and on same course a total distance of one hundred seventy-three feet to a point in the east line of Block No. 28; thence along the east line of Block No. 28 north one hundred feet to the northeast corner of Block No. 28; thence along the north line of said Block No. 28 west a distance of thirty-three feet to a point; thence on a course N. 16 degrees 30 minutes E. crossing a supposed street, a distance of fifty-three feet to the south line of Block No. 29; thence along said south line of Block No. 29 east twenty feet to the southeast corner of Block No. 29; thence along said east line of Block No. 29 north a distance of four hundred feet to a point, being the southeast corner of Block No. 30; thence east, crossing a fifty foot supposed street, and along the south line of Block No. 25, a distance of one hundred sixty-four feet to a point, the place of beginning. Containing one acre of land, more or less. Fifth, Block No. 27.—Beginning at a post (said post being in the sub-division line twenty-five feet south of the southwest corner of Block No. 27); thence north along the east line of Block No. 27, a distance of five hundred fifty-nine and five-tenths feet to a post, the northeast corner of Block No. 27, also being the south line of Maple street; thence along the south line of said Maple street (twenty five feet from the center line thereof) S. 85 degrees 46 minutes W. a distance of four hundred two feet to a post, the northwest corner of Block No. 27; thence along the west line of Block No. 27 south a distance of five hundred twenty-nine and eight-tenths feet to a post in the sub-division line (being twenty-five feet south of the southwest corner of Block No. 27); thence along said sub-division line (being the center of Poplar street) east a distance of four hundred and one tenths feet to the place of beginning. Containing five acres of land, more or less. Reserving out of said grants the right for streets, of fifty feet in width each, as proposed streets, as shown by the plan and description made by M. J. Dill, as laid out by Kane Land and Improvement Company.

And also all the right, title, interest, claim and demand of the said White Rock Land Company in and to all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the township of Wetmore aforesaid, being part of Warrant No. 2290, in Sub-division No. 302, and being Block No. 28, as per plan of blocks surveyed by M. J. Dill, in September, 1901, and on file in the office of the said Kane Land and Improvement Company, a corporation.

The above described premises being either all or parts of the same lands and premises conveyed to the said White Rock Land Company by deed from Alfred R. Wiggan, et al, dated November 1, A. D. 1901, and recorded in the Recorder's office of said McKean county, in Deed Book 117, page 70, by deed from Isaac H. Merrell, et al, dated December 13, A. D. 1900, and not recorded, by deed from Alfred R. Wiggan, et al, dated November 6, A. D. 1902, and recorded in said office in Deed Book 121, page 370, by deed from Ann Mary Hobbs, et al, dated January 10, A. D. 1902, and recorded in said office in Deed Book 121, page 326, by deed and assignment from Edward Heber McCleery, dated December 3, A. D. 1900, and recorded in said office in Deed Book 143, page 209, by deed from Kane Land and Improvement Company, dated January 9, A. D. 1905, and recorded in said office in Deed Book 121, page 425, and by agreement from Kane Land and Improvement Company, dated May 18, A. D. 1901, and not recorded.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the White Rock Land Company at suit of W. H. Bunce, et al.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiff's Attys.

5.

Defendants' interest in all those three pieces, parcels or lots of land in the borough of Kane, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

FIRST: Being part of warrant No. 3210 and being lot No. 32 on the east side of Hacker street, beginning at a post on the east side of Hacker street one hundred feet from the south east corner of Hacker and Haines streets; thence parallel to Haines street north seventy degrees east seventy feet; thence parallel to Hacker street south twenty degrees east forty-five feet; thence parallel to Haines street south seventy degrees west seventy feet; thence by the east side of Hacker street thirty feet from the centre thereof north forty-five feet to the place of beginning, containing 3,150 square feet of land, more or less, with one two story frame dwelling

...county in deed ... This being ... said property. ... of warrant No. ... per plan of ... and Improve- ... & Son, of ... point in the ... t and Tion- ... the south

...ther rifle street fifty feet to a point; thence south parallel to said Tionesta avenue one hundred thirty feet to a point; thence west parallel to the south line of said Pine street fifty feet to a point in the east line of said Tionesta avenue; thence north along the east line of said Tionesta avenue one hundred thirty feet to the place of beginning,—containing 6,500 square feet more or less. Being the same premises which were conveyed by A. E. Norlin to E. C. Andersen by deed dated September 24, 1907, recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county, in deed book Vol. 144, page 54 etc.

THIRD: Being part of warrant No. 2290, sub-division 303, and being lots Nos. 6 and 7 on the plot of the White Rock Land Company on Walnut street, beginning at a point the same being north west corner of Elk avenue and Walnut street; thence north along the west line of said Elk avenue one hundred forty-two and two-tenths feet to a point, the same being the south east corner of lot No. 5; thence west parallel with the north line of said Walnut street and along the south line of said lot No. 5 one hundred thirty-five feet to a point, the same being the north east corner of lot No. 8; thence south along the east line of lot No. 8 one hundred forty-two and two-tenths feet to the north line of said Walnut street; thence east along the north line of said Walnut street one hundred and thirty-five feet to the place of beginning,—containing 19,197 square feet of land, more or less, reserving from out of said premises that certain piece, parcel or lot of land forty-five feet wide on said Walnut street and one hundred forty-two and two tenths feet in depth, conveyed by A. E. Norlin to Wm. Van Blarcom by deed dated March 20, 1907. Being the same property conveyed by A. E. Norlin to E. C. Andersen by deed dated September 24, 1907, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in deed book, Vol. 144, page 54 etc.

Subject to said and singular the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the said deeds contained, as the same reference thereto being had will more fully and at large appear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. C. Andersen at suit of Mary Lamphear.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiff's Atty.

6.

(1)

Defendant's interest in all the following described premises situate in the borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, viz: Beginning at a post in the east line of Warrant No. 82 as established by a resurvey, being the north west corner of Reuben Dennis land; thence north forty four (44) rods to a corner, thence west two hundred (200) rods to a corner in the west line of the warrant (No. 82), thence by said line south forty four (44) rods to the north west corner of Reuben Dennis land, thence by said land east two hundred (200) rods to place of beginning, containing fifty five (55) acres, strict measure, be the same more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to W. L. Chrisman by John D. Parrish and wife by deed dated May 14, 1892, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book, "L" at page [illegible] etc., improved and having thereon two dwelling houses, one barn, one orchard, a frame building used for manufacture of paint, one wagon scales and a number of coal sheds, one drum house and one office Bldg.

Reserving and excepting out of the above however, all the following pieces or parcels of land.

1. That certain lot conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to [illegible] Chester County by Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. [illegible] page [illegible].

2. All that other parcel or tract of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to W. A. & F. H. Hopewell by deed dated February 12, 1901, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book Vol. 114, page 213 etc.

3. All that certain tract or parcel of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to Chester Prouty by deed dated May 17, 1901, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book Vol. 115, page 223 etc.

4. All that other tract or parcel of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to Andrew Armbruster by deed dated April 10, 1902, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. 119, page 511 etc.

5. All that tract or parcel of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to Ella Sheffield by deed dated Apr. 16, 1902, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book Vol. 118, page 515 etc.

6. That tract or parcel of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to John Sheffield by deed dated April 16, 1902, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. 118, at page 517 etc.

7. That tract or parcel of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to Lynn Rice by deed dated April 25, 1902, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. 120, at page 39 etc.

8. The first above described premises are sold subject to right of way granted to B. N. Y. & Phila. R. R. Co. by contract dated Jan. 18th, 1872, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Mis. Book "D," at page 131; also subject to a contract for the sale of one lot of First Street, one hundred and thirty, (130) feet long and thirty (30) feet wide, made with Nancy Shields, dated May 21th, 1892.

(2)

Also all that other piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of M'Kean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—All that part of a farm formerly known as the Lester Parish farm which lies on the west side of the Olean and Smethport road bounded on the east by said public road, on the north by what was formerly the John Fobes estate, on the west by said John Fobes estate and lands formerly of Nathan Dennis estate, on the south by lands of W. L. Chrisman, containing about twenty five (25) acres of land, more or less and being the same property conveyed to W. L. Chrisman by C. C. Wright and R. Dennis, administrators of the estate of Lester Parish deceased, by deed dated December 30, 1871, and recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book "W" at page 148 etc. Improved and having situated thereon one old boat house.

Reserving and excepting out of the above all the following pieces or parcels of land:

1. That certain lot of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to Eldred Butter & Cheese Manufacturing Company, Limited, by deed dated December 19, 1871, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book Vol. 23, at page 51 etc.

2. That certain lot of land conveyed by W. L. Chrisman and wife to H. C. Rice by deed dated May 16, 1901, and recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. 130 at page 227 etc.

(3)

Also all that other piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County and State aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post in the center of the public road and in the north line of Warrant No. 82 as established by a survey, thence east by the north line of Warrant No. 82, one hundred and twenty (120) rods to the northeast corner of said Warrant; thence by east line thereof south eighty (80) rods to a post; thence west one hundred and thirty (130) rods to the center of the public road; thence northerly by the center of said road to place of beginning containing sixty two and one half (62½) acres, more or less. Being the same premises to W. L. Chrisman by Martha E. Royce by deed dated April 5th, 1887, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. 35 at page 496 etc. Improved and having thereon one dwelling house, one barn and one orchard.

Reserving and excepting out of the above the following:

1. That lot conveyed by Thaddeus B. Royce and wife to Holbert & Lamphier by deed dated Mar. 5, 1877, recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. "W" at page 4 etc.

2. That certain lot containing one acre next north of the Holbert & Lamphier lot conveyed by said Thaddeus B. Royce and

...Sheriff's Sales.

...Thence north ... to a post; ... of beginning ... Improved ... Holbert & ... Lamphier lot, ... seventeen and ... eight tenths (17.8) ... rods to a post; ... thence north ... sixteen (16) degrees ... and thirty (30) minutes east, ... nine (9) rods to ... a post; thence north eighty seven (87) degrees and thirty (30) minutes, west, seventeen and eight tenths (17.8) rods to the ... east line of the right of way of the aforesaid railroad company; thence south sixteen (16) degrees, thirty (30) minutes west ... along the east line of the aforesaid railroad company's right of way, nine (9) rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre, strict measure being the same land conveyed to the said W. L. Chrisman by R. C. Rumsey and Evaline Rumsey by deed dated May 14, 1889 and recorded in said Recorder's Office in Deed Book, Vol. 86, page 178 etc.

(5)

Also all that other piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County and State aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning in the center of Main Street at the North west corner of The Eldred Bank lot, thence east by the north line of said Eldred Bank lot, prolonged one hundred and forty (140) feet to the west line of the Opera House lot; thence north by said west line of Opera House lot, fifty (50) feet and six (6) inches to a post; thence west along the south line of Ira McCarty lot, one hundred and forty (140) feet to the center of Main Street; thence southerly by the center of Main Street, fifty (50) feet and six (6) inches to the place of beginning. Improved and having erected thereon three small frame buildings used for stores and office buildings. The owner of the above to have full and free use of an alley extending from said lot south to Edson Street as now used and opened for said purposes.

(6)

Also all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the state of Pennsylvania, County of M'Kean and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point in the center of the road what was formerly the north line of lands of W. L. Chrisman and the south line of lands formerly occupied by M. Marshall, thence by said line north 89 degrees west, 82 perches to the bank of the Allegany River, thence by the bank of said River north 10 degrees east, thirty one and six tenths (31.6) perches, thence south 77 degrees east, nine and seven tenths (9.7) perches to a post; thence north twenty seven and one half degrees east, nine and seven tenths (9.7) perches to the center of the public road; thence by the center of said road south sixteen and three fourths (16¾) degrees west, thirty eight and eight tenths (38.8) perches to the place of beginning, containing two and fifty four one hundredths (2.54) acres in Warrant No. 89, Eldred Township aforesaid, being the same property conveyed to W. L. Chris-

...Sheriff's Sales.

...Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, by deed dated December 13, 1886, duly acknowledged and the acknowledgement thereof entered in the Prothonotary's Office of McKean County in Book "C" of acknowledgement of Sheriff's deeds at page 138 etc. Improved and having thereon a saw mill equipped with the usual saw mill machinery.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. L. Chrisman at suit of Henry Lamille, use Lamille Bank & Trust Co.

7.

Defendant's interest in all the certain parcel or lot of land situate in the Fifth Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being lot number 3 fronting sixty seven (67) feet on Roberts Street as shown on the Roberts Street Paving Assessment Map, made by A. F. Bannon, Jr., City Engineer, said map being on file in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 123, at Page No. 402.

Improved and having thereon 1½ story frame building with ell.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold at the property of Catherine Weaver and John P. Melvin, Trustee for benefit of creditors of said Catherine Weaver at suit of City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Atty.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 22, 1910.

JANUARY PRICES NOW

Just thirty days ahead of the other Fellow. We are going to make this month of December the biggest month in our History. That is we are going to sell more Clothing.

All Men's and Young Men's Suits at less than 25 per cent. discount during this month.

This will be a strictly Cash Sale. No goods sent on approval. We will make necessary alterations.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

EXECUTOR'S AND ADMINISTRATOR'S

SALE OF STOCKS

Notice is hereby given, that D. C. Young as administrator of the Estate of F. O. Richmond, late of Smethport, Pa., and as Executor of the Estate of Mary E. Richmond, late of said Borough of Smethport, will sell at

PUBLIC SALE

to the highest and best bidder, at

The Court House in the Borough of Smethport, Pa. on Wednesday, December 14, 1910 at 2 o'clock, P. M.

the following shares of Stocks belonging to the Estate of F. O. Richmond, to wit:

Shares	Company	Par Val. Each
15	Leader Specialty Manufacturing Company	$100.00
2000	Gold Knob Mining and Town Site Company	1.00
200	The Pride of the West Mining and Milling Company	10.00
1466	The Big Five Tunnel, Ore Reduction and Transportation Company	1.00
1600	The United Gold Mines Company	1.00
1500	Uinta Tunnel, Mining and Transportation Company	1.00
2000	The Morning Glory Gold Mining Company	.25
3000	The Victor Mines and Land Company	1.00
500	The Gold Coin Mining and Leasing Company	1.00
500	Azurite Copper and Gold Mining Company	1.00
40	North American Copper Company	

Also the following Shares of Stock belonging to the Estate of Mary E. Richmond

3000	The Gold Dollar Consolidated Mining Company	.10
500	The Bonanza Contact Mining Company	1.00
8	Inca Mining Company	100.00
1	Nunundah Butter & Cheese Co., Limited	100.00

Terms of sale, Cash at time of sale.

Sheridan Gorton, Attorney

D. C. Young, Administrator of F. O. Richmond

D. C. Young, Executor of Mary E. Richmond

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1910.

THE FEET OF ALL WELL DRESSED MEN are just as carefully attired as the rest of their person, and they are as careful in selecting their shoes as they are of their bravatt, hats, coats or trousers This is why ANDERSON & CARLSON'S shoes are so popular with fastidious people. They require in their footwear that combination of style and comfort for which our shoes are so justly famous.

Anderson & Carlson, Smethport, Pa.

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Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton, ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal matters given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SMATTUCK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Rankin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

W. H. BOUTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Fireproof Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

Hays & Son, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. W. Hays, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Smethport, Penna. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, All business given careful attention, Backus Building, opposite Court House, Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D., —PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—, Office in Drug store. Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M., Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop. Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Brimingkoff, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M., Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, DENTIST, All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Charges and satisfaction guaranteed. Prices Right. Over 15 Years' Experience. Office 2nd floor 3 Callum Bld.

J. V. McALPIN, Dentist, Hours { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5. Odd Fellows' Building, SMETHPORT, PA.

WRIGHT HOUSE, Main Street, Smethport, Pa. DODGE & SMEBURNE, Prop. E. L. SMEBURNE, Mgr. This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

CENTRAL HOTEL, JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r, Main Street, Smethport, Pa. This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE, T. H. PURTLE, Prop. 125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa. Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

HOLIDAY PERFUMES

Candy, Stationery, Leather Goods, Toilet Articles at the A. B. ARMSTRONG Drug Store

CHARLEY WAH, HAND LAUNDRY, For Ladies and Gentlemen, Work Finished on Third Day, Under Heath's Barber Shop